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THE

# MINSTREL,

A COLLECTION OF

## MORAL AND RELIGIOUS

## *POEMS,*

Selected from

*THE MOST DISTINGUISHED POETS.*

The only amaranthine Flow'r on earth
Is Virtue; the only lasting treasure, Truth.

COWPER.

Second Edition.

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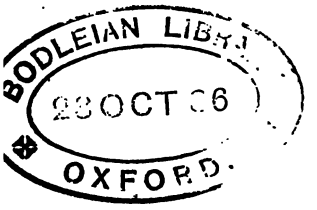
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# PREFACE.

THIS Selection of moral and religious Poetry (intended as a companion to the CHAPLET) is offered with diffidence to the Public; if it should assist in impressing the principles of virtue and truth on the rising generation, the end for which it has been compiled will be fully answered. Should any one think that these two principles are here set forth in too abstract a manner, and ask

"But what is Truth? 'Twas Pilate's question put
"To Truth itself, that deign'd him no reply.
"And wherefore? will not God impart his light
"To them that ask it?—Freely—'tis his joy,
"His glory, and his nature to impart.
"But to the proud, uncandid, insincere,
"Or negligent enquirer, not a spark."

COWPER.

# CONTENTS.


| | | |
|---|---|---|
| THE Happy Villager | *Langhorne* | 1 |
| An Allegory on Man | *Parnell* | 3 |
| The Ignorance of Man | *Merrick* | 4 |
| Stanzas on Mortality | *Cowper* | 8 |
| Despondency | *Burns* | 10 |
| The Trials of Virtue | *Merrick* | 13 |
| Written in the Holy Bible | *W. Thompson* | 16 |
| Horace, Book 2, Ode 10 | *Cowper* | 17 |
| Know Yourself | *Arbuthnot* | 19 |
| The Morning Lark | | 24 |
| From the Annual Bills of Mortality, Northampton | *Cowper* | 25 |
| Home | *Mercer* | 27 |
| Farewell to the Vanities of the World | *Sir H. Wotton* | 28 |
| Slaves | *Merry* | 31 |
| On Prayer | *Sir William Kelligrew* | 35 |
| The Poor Man's Prayer, &c. | *W. H. Roberts* | 37 |
| The Entail, a Fable | *Horace Walpole* | 41 |
| Duncan's Warning | *Dr. Aikin* | 43 |
| Susanna's Vigil | Dr. Aikin | 45 |

The Hamlet ..... *J. Warton* 48
Ode to Melancholy .... *Mrs. Ann Radcliffe* 50
The Famished Mother ..... *L. S. Temple* 51
Against the Fear of Death ..... *J. Wise* 53
Address to the Deity ..... *Barbauld* 54
The Vanity of Human Wishes .. *Dr. Johnson* 57
The Falling Leaf ..... *Bp. Horne* 70
The Rose ..... *Right Hon. C. J. Fox* 72
Charity and Religion ..... *Allnot* 73
Sun stand Thou still ..... *Butcher* 74
On the Deity ..... *Barbauld* 75
Address to the Deity ..... *Young* 76
**The Frailty and Folly of Man** ..... *Prior* **76**
**Life compared to a Stream** ..... *Young* **77**
**A Prayer in the Prospect of Death** .. *Burns* **79**
**Man was made to Mourn** ..... *Burns* 80
**The Poor Slave** ..... *Humfrey* 82
**Death** ..... *Bp. Porteus* 83
**On Death** ..... *Parnell* 95
**God the Creator of Man** ..... *Darwin* 96
**Resignation** ..... *Burns* 97
**On Cheerfulness** ..... *Fitzgerald* 98
The Decay of Flowers ..... *Richardson* 100
**Peace** ..... *Herbert* 101
**On Industry** ..... *Fitzgerald* 103
**Paraphrase of the Lord's Prayer** .... *Pope* 105
God the Eternal Sovereign ..... *Barbauld* 106
The Grave ..... *Blair* 107
The Grave ..... *Mrs. J. Hunter* 135
**Paraphrase of the 63d. Chapter of Isaiah, a Pindaric Ode** ..... *Norris* 136

Invitation to Mercy ..... *Barbauld* 139
Contemplation of the Works of Nature, *Watts* 140
On the Decay of Human Kind .... *Seward* 142
The Dying Saint ..... *Anon.* 142
A Wish ..... *Norris* 144
Messiah ..... *Pope* 145
Verses left in the room where he slept, *Burns* 149
The Dying Christian to his Soul ..... *Pope* 150
To Mary in Heaven ..... *Burns* 151
Mutability of Human Life ..... 152
Vanity of Wealth ..... 154
The Negro Boy ..... 156
On the British Channel ..... *Bloomfield* 158
On the Loss of the Royal George .. *Cowper* 160
The Genealogy of Christ ..... *Bp. Lowth* 162
Hymn ..... *Wesley* 171
Universal Prayer ..... *Pope* 173
Rural Simplicity, an Ode ..... *Langhorne* 175
On Dennis Hampson ..... *S. Owenson* 177
On God and Nature ..... *Pope* 179
On Happiness ..... *Pope* 180
A Hymn ..... *Turner* 181
On Hope ..... 185
A Meditation for a Lady ..... *R. Herrick* 185
To the Moon ..... 186
Psalm cxlviii ..... *Sandys* 187
Day of Judgment ..... *Watts* 189
On Death ..... 191
Verses found in Sir Walter Raleigh's Bible 192
The Soul's Errand ..... Joshua Silvester 193

Solomon
and Distinction between the Virtuous
and the Wicked ..... *Glynn* 20
Unreasonableness of denying a future
State ..... *Glynn* 20
Riches ..... *Watts* 2(
r to Miss S——— ..... *Mrs. J. Cobbold* 2(
legy on Man ..... *Jago* 2
er Song ..... *Tollet* 2
Advent of the Messiah ..... *Carter* 2
ections by a Father ..... *Mercer* 2
ses supposed to be written by Alexander
Selkirk ..... *Cowper* 2

THE

# MINSTREL.

## THE HAPPY VILLAGER.

Virtue dwells in Arden's vale;
There her hallow'd temples rise;
There her incense greets the skies,
Grateful as the morning gale;
There, with humble Peace, and her,
Lives the happy Villager;

There, the golden smiles of morn
Brighter every field adorn;
There the sun's declining ray
Fairer paints the parting day:
There the wood-lark louder sings,
Zephyr moves on softer wings,
Groves in greener honours rise,
Purer azure spreads the skies;
There the fountains clearer flow,
Flowers in brighter beauty blow;

Are the woes the bad bewail;
Distant fell Remorse, and Pain,
And frenzy smiling o'er her chain!
Grief's quick pang, Despair's dread g
Are in Arden's vale unknown:
For, with Peace and Virtue, there
Lives the happy villager.

In his hospitable cell,
Love, and Truth, and Freedom dwell;
And, with aspect mild and free,
The graceful nymph, Simplicity.
Hail, ye liberal graces, hail!
Natives all of Arden's vale:
For, with Peace and Virtue, there
Lives the happy Villager.

## AN ALLEGORY ON MAN.

A thoughtful being, long and spare,
Our race of mortals call him Care,
(Were Homer living, well he knew
What name the Gods had call'd him too)
With fine mechanic genius wrought,
And lov'd to work, tho' no one bought.
This being by a model bred
In *Jove's* eternal sable head,
Contriv'd a shape, impower'd to breathe,
And be the wordling here beneath.
The Man rose staring like a stake;
Wond'ring to see himself awake!
Then look'd so wise, before he knew
The bus'ness he was made to do;
That pleas'd to see with what a grace
He gravely shew'd his forward face,
Jove talk'd of breeding him on high,
An under-something of the sky,
But ere he gave the mighty nod,
Which ever binds a Poet's God,
(For which his curls ambrosial shake,
And mother Earth's oblig'd to quake)
He saw old mother Earth arise,
She stood confess'd before his eyes;

But not with what we read she wore,
A crystal cap a crown before:
As yet with wreaths alone she drest,
And train'd a landskip-painted vest,
Then thrice she rais'd (as Ovid said),
And thrice she bow'd, her weighty head.
Her honours made, great Jove, she cry'd,
This thing was fashion'd from my side;
His hands, his heart, his head are mine;
Then what hast thou to call him thine?
Nay, rather ask, the Monarch said,
What boots his hand, his heart, his head,
Were what I gave remov'd away?
Thy part's an idle shape of clay.
Halves, more than halves! cry'd honest Care
Your pleas wou'd make your titles fair;
You claim the body, you the soul,
But I who join'd them, claim the whole.
As thus they wrangled, Time came by;
(There's none that paints him such as I,
For what the fabling ancients sung
Makes Saturn old when time was young),
As yet his winters had not shed
Their silver honours on his head;
He just had got his pinions free
From his old sire eternity.
A serpent girdled round he wore,
The tail within, the mouth before;
His vest, for day and night was py'd;
A bending sickle arm'd his side;

And Spring's new months his train adorn;
The other seasons were unborn.
  Known by the Gods, as near he draws,
They make him umpire of the cause.
O'er a low trunk his arm he laid
(Where since his hours a dial made);
Then leaning heard the nice debate,
And thus pronounc'd the words of fate:
  Since Body from the parent Earth,
And Soul from Jove receiv'd a birth,
Return they where they first began:
But since their union makes the Man,
Till Jove and Earth shall part these two,
To Care, who join'd them, Man is due.
  He said, and sprung with swift career
To trace a circle for the year;
Where ever since the seasons wheel,
And tread on one another's heel.
  'Tis well, said Jove, and for consent,
Thund'ring he shook the firmament.
Our umpire Time shall have his way;
With Care I let the creature stay:
Let bus'ness vex him, av'rice blind,
Let doubt and knowledge rack his mind,
Let error act, opinion speak,
And want afflict, and sickness break,
And anger burn, dejection chill,
And joy distract, and sorrow kill.
Till arm'd by Care, and taught to mow,
Time draws the long-destructive blow;

## THE IGNORANCE OF MAN

Behold yon new-born infant griev'd
With hunger, thirst, and pain;
That asks to have the wants reliev'd
It knows not to explain.

Aloud the speechless suppliant cries,
And utters, as it can,
The woes that in its bosom rise,
And speak its nature Man.

Author of good! to thee I turn;
Thy ever-wakeful eye
Alone can all my wants discern,
Thy hand alone supply.

O let thy fear within me dwell,
Thy love my footsteps guide;
That love shall vainer loves expel,
That fear all fears beside.

And O! by Error's force subdu'd,
Since oft my stubborn will,
Preposterous, shuns the latent good,
And grasps the specious ill;

Not to my wish but to my want,
Do thou thy gifts apply:
Unask'd, what good thou knowest, grant;
What ill, tho' ask'd, deny.

## For the Year 1788.

*Quod adest, memento*
*Componere æquus. Cætera fluminis*
*Ritu feruntur* HOR.

Improve the present hour, for all be
Is a mere feather on a torrents tide.

Could I, from heaven inspired, as sure p
To whom the rising year shall prove his l
As I can number in my punctual page,
And item down the victims of the past;

How each would trembling wait the m
at our

Then doubtless many a trifler, on the brink
Of this world's hazardous and headlong shore,
Forced to a pause, would feel it good to think,
Told that his setting sun must rise no more.

Ah self-deceived! Could I prophetic say
Who next is fated, and who next to fall,
The rest might then seem privileged to play;
But, naming *none*, the voice now speaks to ALL.

Observe the dappled foresters, how light
They bound, and airy o'er the sunny glade—
One falls—the rest, wide-scattered with affright,
Vanish at once into the darkest shade.

Had we their wisdom, should we, often warned,
Still need repeated warnings, and at last,
A thousand awful admonitions scorned,
Die self-accused of life run all to waste?

Sad waste! for which no after thrift atones:
The grave admits no cure for guilt or sin;
Dew-drops may deck the turf that hides the bones,
But tears of godly grief ne'er flow within.

Learn then, ye living! by the mouths be taught
Of all these sepulchres, instructors true,
That, soon or late, death also is your lot,
And the next opening grave may yawn for you.

## DESPONDENCY.

### *An Ode.*

Oppress'd with grief, oppress'd with
A burden more than I can bear,
I set me down and sigh;
O life! thou art a galling load,
Along a rough, a weary road,
To wretches, such as I!
Dim-backward as I cast my view,
What sick'ning scenes appear!
What sorrows *yet* may pierce me thro',
Too justly I may fear!
Still caring, despairing,
Must be my hist[illegible]

Whilst I, a hope-abandon'd wight,
Unfitted with an *aim*,
Meet ev'ry sad returning night,
And joyless morn the same,
You bustling, and justling,
Forget each grief and pain;
I listless, yet restless,
Find ev'ry prospect vain.

How blest the solitary's lot,
Who, all-forgetting, all-forgot,
Within his humble cell,
The cavern wild with tangling roots,
Sits o'er his newly-gather'd fruits,
Beside his chrystal well!
Or haply, to his ev'ning thought,
By unfrequented stream,
The ways of men are distant brought,
A faint collected dream:
While praising, and raising
His thoughts to heav'n on high,
As wand'ring, meand'ring,
He views the solemn sky.

Than I, no lonely hermit plac'd
Where never human footstep trac'd,
Less fit to play the part;
The lucky moment to improve,
And *just* to stop, and *just* to move,
With self-respecting art:

Can want, and yet be blest!
He needs not, he heeds not,
Or human love or hate,
Whilst I here must cry here,
At perfidy ingrate!

Oh! enviable, early days,
When dancing thoughtless pleasure's
To care, to guilt unknown!
How ill exchang'd for riper times,
To feel the follies, or the crimes,
Of others, or my own!
Ye tiny elves that guiltless sport,
Like linnets in the bush,
Ye little know the ills ye court,
When manhood is your wish!
The losses, the crosses,
That *active man* engage!
The fears all, the tears all,
Of dim-declining *Age!*

## THE TRIALS OF VIRTUE.

Plac'd on the verge of youth, my mind
  Life's opening scene survey'd:
I view'd its ills of various kind,
  Afflicted and afraid.

But chief my fear the dangers mov'd,
  That virtue's path inclose:
My heart the wise pursuit approv'd;
  But O, what toils oppose!

For see, ah! see, while yet her ways
  With doubtful step I tread,
A hostile world its terrors raise,
  Its snares delusive spread.

O! how shall I, with heart prepar'd,
  Those terrors learn to meet?
How from the thousand snares to guard
  My unexperienc'd feet?

As thus I mus'd oppressive sleep
  Soft o'er my temples drew
Oblivion's veil. The wat'ry deep,
  An object strange and new.

Before me rose: on the wide shore
Observant as I stood,
The gathering storms around me roar,
And heave the boiling flood.

Near and more near the billows rise;
Ev'n now my steps they lave;
And death to my affrighted eyes
Approach'd in every wave.

What hope, or whither to retreat?
Each nerve at once unstrung,
Chill fear had fetter'd fast my feet,
And chain'd my speechless tongue.

I feel my heart within me die;
When sudden to my ear,
A voice descending from on high
Reprov'd my erring fear:

"What tho' the swelling surge thou see
"Impatient to devour?
"Rest, mortal, rest on God's decree,
"And thankful own his pow'r.

"Know, when he bade the deep appear,
"Thus far," th' Almighty said,
"Thus far, nor farther, rage; and here
"Let thy proud waves be stay'd."

I heard: and lo! at once controul'd,
The waves in wild retreat
Back on themselves reluctant roll'd,
And murm'ring left my feet.

Deeps to assembling deeps in vain
Once more the signal gave:
The shores the rushing weight sustain,
And check th' usurping wave.

Convinc'd, in nature's volume wise
The imag'd truth I read;
And sudden from my waking eyes
Th' instructive vision fled.

Then why thus heavy, O my soul!
Say why, distrustful still,
Thy thoughts with vain impatience roll
O'er scenes of future ill?

Let faith suppress each rising fear,
Each anxious doubt exclude:
Thy Maker's will has plac'd thee here,
A Maker wise and good!

He to thy every trial knows
Its just restraint to give,
Attentive to behold thy woes,
And faithful to relieve.

Then why thus heavy, O my soul!
Say why, distrustful still,
Thy thoughts with vain impatience roll
O'er scenes of future ill.

Tho' griefs unnumber'd throng thee round,
Still in thy God confide,
Whose finger marks the seas their bound,
And curbs the headlong tide.

## WRITTEN IN THE HOLY BIBLE.

Thou sacred tome, be my unerring guide,
Dove-hearted saints, and prophets eagle-ey'd!
I scorn the moral fop and ethic sage,
But drink in truth from your illumin'd page:
Like Moses' bush each leaf divinely bright!
Where God invests himself in milder light!
Taught by your doctrines we devoutly rise,
Faith points the way, and hope unbars the skies.
You tune our passions, teach them how to roll,
And sink the body but to raise the soul;
To raise it, bear it, to mysterious day
Nor want an angel to direct the way!

## HORACE,

*Book the 2d. Ode the 10th.*

Receive, dear friend, the truths I teach,
So shalt thou live beyond the reach
  Of adverse fortune's power;
Not always tempt the distant deep,
Nor always timorously creep
  Along the treacherous shore.

He that holds fast the golden mean,
And lives contentedly between
  The little and the great,
Feels not the wants, that pinch the poor,
Nor plagues, that haunt the rich man's door,
  Imbittering all his state.

The tallest pines feel most the power
Of wintry blasts; the loftiest tower
  Comes heaviest to the ground;
The bolts, that spare the mountain's side,
His cloud-capt eminence divide,
  And spread the ruin round.

The well informed philosopher
Rejoices with an wholesome fear,

What if thine heaven be overcast,
The dark appearance will not last;
Expect a brighter sky.
The God, that strings the silver bow,
Awakes sometimes the muses too,
And lays his arrows by.

If hindrances obstruct thy way,
Thy magnanimity display,
And let thy strength be seen;
But oh! if fortune fill thy sail
With more than a propitious gale,
Take half thy canvass in.

Sweet moralist! afloat on life's rough sea,
The christian has an art unknown to thee.
He holds no parley with unmanly fears;
Where duty bids he confidently steers,
Faces a thousand dangers at her call,
And, trusting in his God, surmounts them all.

## KNOW YOURSELF.

What am I? how produc'd? and for what end?
Whence drew I being? to what period tend?
Am I th' abandon'd orphan of blind chance,
Dropt by wild atoms in disorder'd dance?
Or from an endless chain of causes wrought,
And of unthinking substance born with thought?
By motion which began without a cause,
Supremely wise, without design or laws?
Am I but what I seem, mere flesh and blood;
A branching channel, with a mazy flood?
The purple stream that thro' my vessels glides,
Dull and unconscious flows, like common tides:
The pipes thro' which the circling juices stray,
Are not that thinking I, no more than they:
This frame compacted with transcendant skill,
Of moving joints obedient to my will,

Nurs'd from the fruitful glebe, like yonder tree,
Waxes and wastes; I call it mine, not me.
New matter still the mould'ring mass sustains,
The mansion chang'd, the tenant still remains;
And from the fleeting stream, repair'd by food,
Distinct, as is the swimmer from the flood.
What am I then? Sure, of a nobler birth,
By parents right, I own as mother, earth;
But claim superior lineage by my Sire,
Who warm'd th' unthinking clod with heav'nly fire;
Essence divine, with lifeless clay allay'd,
By double nature, double instinct sway'd:
With look erect, I dart my longing eye,
Seem wing'd to part, and gain my native sky;
I strive to mount, but strive, alas! in vain,
Ty'd to this massy globe with magic chain.
Now with swift thought I range from pole to pole,
View worlds around their flaming centers roll:
What steady powers their endless motions guide
Thro' the same trackless paths of boundless void!
I trace the blazing comet's fiery tail,
And weigh the whirling planets in a scale.
These godlike thoughts while eager I pursue,
Some glittering trifle offer'd to my view,
A gnat, an insect of the meanest kind,
Erase the new-born image from my mind!
Some beastly want, craving, importunate,
Vile as the grinning mastiff at my gate,
Calls off from heav'nly truth this reas'ning me,
And tells me, I'm a brute as much as he.

If on sublimer wings of love and praise,
My soul above the starry vault I raise,
Lur'd by some vain conceit, or shameful lust,
I flag, I drop, and flutter in the dust.
The tow'ring lark thus from her lofty strain,
Stoops to an emmet, or a barley grain.
By adverse gusts of jarring instincts tost,
I rove to one, now to the other coast;
To bliss unknown my lofty soul aspires,
My lot unequal to my vast desires.
As 'mongst the hinds a child of royal birth
Finds his high pedigree by conscious worth;
So man, amongst his fellow brutes expos'd,
Sees he's a king, but 'tis a king depos'd.
Pity him, beasts! you by no law confin'd,
Are barr'd from devious paths by being blind;
Whilst man, thro' op'ning views of various ways
Confounded, by the aid of knowledge strays;
Too weak to choose, yet choosing still in haste,
One moment gives the pleasure and distaste;
Bilk'd by past minutes, while the present cloy,
The flatt'ring future still must give the joy:
Not happy, but amus'd upon the road,
And (like you) thoughtless of his last abode,
Whether next sun his being shall restrain
To endless nothing, happiness or pain.
Around me, lo! the thinking thoughtless crew
(Bewilder'd each) their diff'rent paths pursue;
Of them I ask the way: the first replies,
Thou art a god; and sends me to the skies.

A mid I know too little or too much.
" Almighty Pow'r, by whose most wi
mand,
" Helpless, forlorn, uncertain here I stan
" Take this faint glimmering of thyself aw
" Or break into my soul with perfect day !
This said, expanded lay the sacred text,
The balm, the light, the guide of souls per
Thus the benighted traveller that strays
Thro' doubtful paths, enjoys the morning ri
The nightly mist, and thick descending de
Parting, unfold the fields, and vaulted blu
" O Truth divine ! enlighten'd by thy ray,
" I grope and guess no more, but see my w
" Thou clear'dst the secret of my high desc
" And told me what those mystic tokens me
" Marks of my birth, which I had worn in
" Too hard for worldly sages to explain.
" Zeno's were vain, vain Epicurus' scheme
" Their systems false, delusive were their

Faultless thou drop'dst from his unerring skill,
With the bare pow'r to sin, since free of will;
Yet charge not with thy guilt his bounteous love,
For who has power to walk, has pow'r to rove:
Who acts by force impell'd, can nought deserve!
And wisdom short of infinite may swerve.
Borne on thy new-imp'd wings, thou took'st thy flight,
Left thy Creator, and the realms of light;
Disdain'd his gentle precept to fulfil,
And thought to grow a god by doing ill:
Tho' by foul guilt thy heavenly form defac'd,
In nature chang'd, from happy mansions chas'd,
Thou still retain'st some sparks of heav'nly fire,
Too faint to mount, yet restless to aspire;
Angel enough to seek thy bliss again,
And brute enough to make thy search in vain.
The creatures now withdraw their kindly use,
Some fly thee, some torment, and some seduce;
Repast ill suited to such diff'rent guests,
For what thy sense desires, thy soul distastes;
Thy lust, thy curiosity, thy pride,
Curb'd, or deferr'd, or balk'd, or gratify'd,
Rage on, and make thee equally unbless'd,
In what thou want'st, and what thou hast possess'd,
In vain thou hop'st for bliss on this poor clod,
Return, and seek thy Father, and thy God:
Yet think not to regain thy native sky,
Borne on the wings of vain philosophy;

## THE MORNING LAR

Feather'd lyric! warbling high,
Sweetly gaining on the sky,
Opening with thy matin-lay
(Nature's hymn!) the eye of da
Teach my soul, on early wing,
Thus to soar, and thus to sing.

While the bloom of orient light
Gilds thee in thy tuneful flight,
May the day-spring from on high
Seen by faith's religious eye,
(Thee—

## FROM THE ANNUAL BILL OF MORTALITY, NORTHAMPTON.

—*Placidaque: ibi demum morte quievit.* VIRG.
There calm at length he breathed his soul away.

" O most delightful hour by man
" Experienced here below;
" The hour that terminates his span,
" His folly and his woe.

" Worlds should not bribe me back to tread
" Again life's dreary waste;
" To see again my day o'erspread
" With all the gloomy past.

" My home, henceforth, is in the skies,
" Earth, seas, and sun adieu:
" All heaven unfolded to my eyes,
" I have no sight for you."

Thus spake Aspasio, firm possest
Of faith's supporting rod,
Then breathed his soul into its rest,
The bosom of his God.

He was a man among the few
  Sincere on virtue's side;
And all his strength from scripture drew,
  To hourly use applied.

That rule he prized, by that he feared,
  He hated, hoped, and loved,
Nor ever frowned or sad appeared,
  But when his heart had roved.

For he was frail as thou or I,
  And evil felt within,
But when he felt it, heaved a sigh,
  And loathed the thought of sin.

Such lived Aspasio, and at last
  Called up from earth to heaven,
The gulph of death triumphant passed
  By gales of blessing driven.

His joys be *mine*, each reader cries,
  When my last hour arrives;
They shall be yours, my verse replies,
  Such *only* be you lives.

## HOME.

The bandit whom the laws pursue,
The soldier, and the gipsy crew
Arabs, and Tartars, ever doom'd to roam—
Whate'er their place of shelter be,
A tent, a cave, or hollow tree,
Thither they hie with joy, and call it *home.*

There if a doxy, or a *wife,*
Receive the wretch escap'd from strife;
If there his tatter'd brood around him cling—
His features catch a bright'ning smile,
He rests him from his sordid toil,
And in his narrow confines reigns a king.

While thus the poor and wretched find
Th' asylum for a wounded mind—
Distemper'd men there are, estrang'd from home,
Cold to an angel's kind embrace,
Cheerless amid a blooming race,
And dead to comfort in a princely dome.

Men in the lap of fortune nurst,
With all her froward humours curst,
And teas'd by wishes ever on the wing;

Who, wand'ring still through folly's maze,
In search of bliss consume their days,
Nor taste her genuine draught at nature's spring.

Ye such the men who lead the gay,
The pride and patterns of the day,
Whose high-prized friendship fools and strangers boast—
Blush, thou! to court their barren fame;
Let *home*, sweet *home*, thy presence claim,
And those enjoy thy smiles who love thee most!

## A FAREWELL TO THE VANITIES OF THE WORLD.

Farewell, ye gilded follies, pleasing troubles;
Farewell, ye honour'd rags, ye glorious bubbles;
Fame's but a hollow echo, gold pure clay;
Honour the darling but of one short day;
Beauty, the eye's idol, but a damask skin;
State but a golden prison to live in,
And torture free-born minds: embroider'd trains
Merely but pageants for proud swelling veins!
And blood ally'd to greatness, is alone
Inherited, not purchas'd, nor our own.

Fame, honour, beauty, state, train, blood and
birth,
Are but the fading blossoms of the earth.

I would be great, but that the sun doth still
Level his rays against the rising hill:
I would be high but see the proudest oak
Most subject to the rending thunder-stroke:
I would be rich, but see men too unkind,
Dig in the bowels of the richest mind:
I would be wise, but that I often see,
The fox suspected, whilst the ass goes free:
I would be fair, but see the fair and proud
Like the bright sun, oft setting in a cloud:
I would be poor, but know the humble grass
Still trampled on by each unworthy ass:
Rich hated: wise suspected: scorn'd if poor:
Great fear'd: fair tempted: high still envy'd
more:
I have wish'd all; but now I wish for neither;
Great, high, rich, wise nor fair; poor I'll be
rather.

Would the world now adopt me for her heir,
Would beauty's queen entitle me "the fair,"
Fame speak me fortune's minion, could I vie
Angels with India; with a speaking eye
Command bare heads, bow'd knees, strike justice
dumb,
As well as blind and lame, or give a tongue

To stones by epitaphs: be call'd great master
In the loose rhimes of every poetaster:
Could I be more than any man that lives,
Great, fair, rich, wise, all in superlatives:
Yet I more freely would these gifts resign,
Than ever fortune would have made them mine,
And hold one minute of this holy leisure
Beyond the riches of this empty pleasure.

Welcome pure thoughts, welcome ye silent groves,
These guests, these courts, my soul most dearly loves:
Now the wing'd people of the sky shall sing
My chearful anthems to the gladsome spring:
A prayer-book now shall be my looking-glass,
In which I will adore sweet virtue's face.
Here dwell no hateful looks, no palace cares,
No broken vows dwell here, nor pale-fac'd fears;
Then here I'll sit, and sigh my hot love's folly,
And learn t' affect an holy melancholy;
And if contentment be a stranger then,
I'll ne'er look for it, but in heaven again.

## THE SLAVES.

*An Elegy.*

If late I paused upon the twilight plain
  Of Fontenoy, to weep the free-born brave;
Sure fancy now may cross the western main,
  And melt in sadder pity for the slave.

Lo! where to yon plantation drooping goes,
  The sable herd of human kind, while near
Stalks a pale despot, and around him throws
  The scourge that wakes—that punishes the tear.

O'er the far beach the mournful murmurer strays,
  And joins the rude yell of the tumbling tide,
As faint they labour in the solar blaze,
  To feed the luxury of British pride!

E'en at this moment, on the burning gale
  Floats the weak wailing of the female tongue:
And can that sex's softness nought avail—
  Must naked woman shriek amid the throng?

Are drops of blood the horrible manure
That fills with luscious juice the teemi
And must our fellow-creatures thus endu
For traffick vile, the indignity of pain

Yes, their keen sorrows are the sweets
With the green beverage of our morn
The while to love meek mercy we prete
Or for fictitious ills affect to feel.

Yes, 'tis their anguish mantles in the bo
Their sighs excite the Briton's drunke
Those ignorant suff'rers know not of a s
That we enlighten'd may its hopes de

And there are men, who leaning on the
What they have purchas'd claim a
hold—
Cursed be the tenure, and cursed its cruel

Send your stern gaze from Lapland to the Line,
And every region's natives fairly scan,
Their forms, their force, their faculties combine,
And own the vast variety of man!

Then why suppose yourself the chosen few,
To deal oppression's poison'd arrows round,
To gall with iron bonds the weaker crew,
Enforce the labour, and inflict the wound?

'Tis sordid interest guides you; bent on gain,
In profit only can ye reason find;
And pleasure too:—but urge no more in vain,
The selfish subject to the social mind.

Ah! how can he, whose daily lot is grief,
Whose mind is vilified beneath the rod,
Suppose his Maker has for him relief?
Can he believe the tongue that speaks of God?

For when he sees the female of his heart,
And his loved daughters torn by lust away,
His sons, the poor inheritors of smart—
—Had he religion, think ye he could pray?

Alas! he steals him from the loathsome shed,
What time moist midnight blows her venom'd breath,
And musing, how he long has toil'd and bled,
Drinks the dire balsam of consoling death!

Haste, haste, ye winds, on swiftest pinions fly,
Ere from this world of misery he go,
Tell him his wrongs bedew a nation's eye,
Tell him, Britannia blushes for his woe!

Say that in future, negroes shall be blest,
Rank'd e'en as men, and men's just rights enjoy;
Be neither sold, nor purchased, nor oppress'd,
No grief shall wither, and no stripes destroy.

Say that fair freedom bends her holy flight
To cheer the infant, and console the sire;
So shall he wondering prove at last delight,
And in a throb of extacy expire.

Then shall proud Albion's crown, where laurels twine.
Torn from the bosom of the raging sea,
Boast 'midst the glorious leaves, a gem divine,
The radiant gem of pure humanity!

## ON PRAYER.

The Lord regards not words, we may
Be silent and yet pray:
'Tis the intention of the heart,
That doth our zeal impart.
Tho' vocal prayers be daily used,
Our sighs are not refused;
And our good deeds for prayers do go
'Cause God esteems them so.
Our charity and mercy shown,
Will plead our cause alone:
Such acts of our obedience.
Is the best eloquence.
And does in heaven gain more regard,
For pardon and reward,
Than a whole age was ever known
To get by words alone.
Our arms, do double use obtain,
And multiply our gain;
When penitence does plead for sin,
And gratitude steps in,
Acknowledging the grace we have,
Must raise us from the grave,
And put us in a decent frame
To call upon God's name;

Such as rash fancies do throw out,
From wants, from fears, or dou
Of our condition, which may be
Words without modesty.
When pious works fail not to bring
Us blessings from the King
Of Heaven, the searcher of our hea
Beyond the reach of arts
In language, by him all disguised,
Formalities despised,
And the poor holy ignorant
Will sooner get a grant
Of his desire, than thou or I,
With all our orat'ry.
When our good works and words a
They both accepted be.

## THE POOR MAN'S PRAYER, &c.

Amidst the more important toils of state,
The counsels labouring in thy patriot soul,
Though Europe from thy voice expect her fate,
And thy keen glance extend from pole to pole,

O Chatham, nursed in ancient virtue's lore,
To these sad strains incline a favouring ear;
Think on the God, whom thou, and I adore
Nor turn unpitying from the Poor Man's Prayer.

Ah me! how blest was once a peasant's life!
No lawless passion swell'd my even breast;
Far from the roaring waves of civil strife,
Sound were my slumbers, and my heart at rest.

I ne'er for guilty, painful pleasure roved,
But taught by nature, and by choice to wed,
From all the hamlet call'd whom best I loved,
With her I shared my heart, with her my bed.

To gild her worth, I ask'd no wealthy dower,
My toil could feed her, and my arm defend;
I envied no man's riches; no man's power,
I ask'd of none to give, of none to lend,

Then, careful matron, heap'd the maple board
With savoury herbs, and pick'd the nicer pi
From such plain food as nature could afford,
Ere simple nature was debauch'd by art.

While I, contented with my homely cheer,
Saw round my knees our prattling children pla
And oft with pleased attention sat to hear
The little history of their idle day.

But ah! how changed the scene! on the c
stones,
Where wont at night to blaze the chearful fi
Pale famine sits, and counts her naked bones,
Still sighs for food, still pines with vain desi

My faithful wife with ever-streaming eyes
Hangs on my bosom her dejected head;
My helpless infants raise their feeble cries,

Nor long shall ye remain. With visage sour
Our tyrant lord commands us from our home;
And, arm'd with cruel law's coercive power,
Bids me and mine o'er barren mountains roam.

Yet never, Chatham, have I pass'd a day
In riots' orgies, or in idle ease;
Ne'er have I squander'd hours in sport and play,
Nor wish'd a pamper'd appetite to please.

Hard was my fare, and constant was my toil;
Still with the morning's orient light I rose,
Fell'd the stout oak or raised the lofty pile,
Parch'd in the sun, in dark December froze.

Is it that Nature with a niggard hand
Withholds her gifts from these once-favour'd plains?
Has God, in vengeance to a guilty land,
Sent death and famine to her labouring swains?

Ah no, yon hill, where daily sweets my brow,
A thousand flocks, a thousand herds adorn:
Yon field, where late I drove the painful plough,
Feels all her acres crown'd with bending corn.

But what avails, that o'er the furrow'd soil
In Autumn's heat the yellow harvests rise,
If artificial want elude my toil,
Untasted plenty wound my craving eyes?

What profits that at distance, I behold
My wealthy neighbour's fragrant smoak ascend,
If still the griping cormorants withhold
The fruits which rain and genial seasons send?

If those fell vipers of the public weal
Yet unrelenting on our bowels prey;
If still the curse of penury we feel,
And in the midst of plenty pine away?

In every port the vessel rides secure,
Which wafts our harvest to a foreign shore;
While we the pangs of pressing want endure,
The sons of strangers, riot on our store.

O generous Chatham, stop those fatal sails,
Once more with outstretch'd arm thy Britons save;
The unheeding crew, but waits for favouring gales,
O stop them, e'er they stem the Etrurian wave.

So may thy languid limbs with strength be braced,
And glowing health support thy active soul;
With fair renown thy public virtue graced,
Far as thou bidst Britannia's thunder roll.

Then, joy to thee, and to thy children peace
The grateful hind shall drink from plenty's horn:
And while they share the cultured land's increase,
The poor shall bless the day when Pitt was born.

## THE ENTAIL.

*A Fable.*

In a fair summer's radiant morn,
A Butterfly divinely born,
Whose lineage dated from the mud
Of Noah's or Deucalion's flood,
Long hovering round a perfumed lawn,
By various gusts of odours drawn,
At last establish'd his repose
On the rich bosom of a Rose.

The palace pleased the lordly guest;
What insect own'd a prouder nest?
The dewy leaves luxurious shed
Their balmy odours o'er his head,
And with their silken tap'stry fold
His limbs enthroned on central gold,
He thinks the thorns embattled round
To guard his lovely castle's mound,
And all the bush's wide domain
Subservient to his fancied reign.

Such ample blessings swell'd the Fly.
Yet in his mind's capacious eye,

He roll'd the change of mortal things;
The common fate of Flies and Kings.
With grief he saw how lands and honours
Are apt to slide to various owners;
Where Mowbrays dwelt, now Grocers dwell,
And how Cits buy what Barons sell.
'Great Phœbus, Patriarch of my line,
'Avert such shame from sons of thine!
'To them confirm these roofs'—he said;
And then he swore on oath so dread,
The stoutest Wasp that wears a sword,
Had trembled to have heard the word!
'If Law can rivet down Entails,
'These manors ne'er shall pass to snails,
'I swear'—And then he smote his ermine—
'These towers were never built for vermine.'

A Caterpillar grovell'd near,
A subtile slow conveyancer,
Who summon'd, waddles with his quill
To draw the haughty Insect's will.
None but his heirs must own the spot,
Begotton, or to be begot:
Each leaf he binds, each bud he ties
To eggs of eggs of Butterflies.

When lo! how Fortune loves to teaze
Those who would dictate her decrees!
A wanton boy was passing by;
The wanton child beheld the Fly,

And eager ran to seize the prey—
But too impetuous in his play,
Crush'd the proud tenant of an hour,
And swept away the Mansion-flower.

## DUNCAN'S WARNING.

As o'er the heath, amid his steel-clad Thanes
The royal *Duncan* rode in martial pride,
Where, full to view, high topp'd with glittering vanes,
Macbeth's strong towers o'erhung the mountain's side.

In dusky mantle wrapp'd, a grisly form
Rush'd with a giant's stride across his way;
And thus, while howl'd around the rising storm,
In hollow thundering accents pour'd dismay.

Stop, O King! thy destin'd course,
Furl thy standard, turn thy horse,
Death besets this onward track,
Come no further,—quickly, back.

Lo, yon' castle banners glare
Bloody thr. ugh the troubled air;
Lo, what spectres on the roof
Frowning bid thee stand aloof!

Murder, like an eagle, waits
Perch'd above the gloomy gates,
Just in act to pounce his prey;
Come not near——away! away!

Let not plighted faith beguile;
Honour's semblance, beauty's smile:
Fierce Ambition's venom'd dart
Rankles in the fest'ring heart.

Treason, arm'd against thy life,
Points his dagger, whets his knife,
Drugs his stupifying bowl,
Steels his unrelenting soul.

On he goes! ——resistless Fate
Hastes to fill his mortal date:
Cease, ye warnings, vain tho' true,
Murder'd King, adieu! adieu!

## SUSANNA'S VIGIL.

Twelve times the slow-voiced village clock
From moss-grown turret sounded deep;
The guardian dogs, the folded flock,
And toil-spent hinds, were sunk in sleep.

Alone *Susanna* wak'd: her arm,
Tear-moisten'd, propt her languid head;
Full on her heart she felt th' alarm,
And sudden started from her bed.

On this sad night a year had roll'd,
A year of sorrow's darkest shade,
Since low beneath the hallow'd mould
Her *William's* clay-cold corse was laid.

Too well her memory kept the date
Of woes that knew but one relief;
And forth she went, with tottering gait,
To taste the luxury of grief.

Across the green, the church-yard way
She scarce discern'd amid the gloom,
Till from the moon a friendly ray
Burst thro' and gleam'd on *William*'s tomb.

With throbbing breast she sought the place,
And knelt beside the sacred stone;
To heav'n she turn'd her pallid face,
And clasp'd her hands in speechless moan.

At length she cried (her hollow voice
Broke awful thro' the shades of night),
"Dear object of my earliest choice,
Once my heart's joy, my eyes' delight;

If yet, a spirit clad in air,
Thou hoverest round these cold remains;
If earthly things be yet thy care,
Thy once-lov'd friends, and native plains;

Oh turn thy pitying looks of love
On her, thy own betrothed maid;
Brood o'er her like the tender dove,
And fly to thy *Susanna's* aid!

Twelve dismal months this tortur'd breast
Nor joy nor soft repose has felt;
Oh enter thou, a sainted guest,
And grief in holy fervours melt!

So shall these poor remains of breath
No more in sighs accuse my fate;
But for the welcome stroke of death
In peace my patient soul shall wait."

This said, she rose: and now she hears
(With Fancy's fond illusions warm)
Sweet music trilling in her ears,
And sees her *William's* glitt'ring form.

The vision ceas'd.——She slow returns,
With backward look and falt'ring pace;
With rapture's fire her bosom burns,
While feverish lustre lights her face.

Now faint, exhausted, on her bed
Her limbs the lovely mourner throws;
Kind sleep around his poppies shed,
And Nature sinks in calm repose.

But deep within her aching breast
Lurks the keen foe that saps her life;
And soon in one eternal rest
Must close the sorrowing ling'ring strife.

## THE HAMLET.

*Written in Whichwood Forest.*

The hinds how blest, who ne'er beguil'd
To quit their hamlet's hawthorn-wild;
Nor haunt the crow'd, nor tempt the main,
For splendid care and guilty gain!

When morning's twilight-tinctur'd beam
Strikes their low thatch with slanting gleam,
They rove abroad in æther blue,
To dip the scythe in fragrant dew:
The sheaf to bind, the beech to fell,
That nodding shades a craggy dell.

Midst gloomy glades, in warbles clear,
Wild Nature's sweetest notes they hear:
On green untrodden banks they view
The hyacinth's neglected hue:
In their lone haunts, and woodland rounds,
They spy the squirrel's airy bounds:
And startle from her ashen spray,
Across the glen, the screaming jay:
Each native charm their steps explore
Of Solitude's sequester'd store.

For them the moon, with cloudless ray,
Mounts, to illume their homeward way:
Their weary spirits to relieve,
The meadows incense breathe at eve:
No riot mars the simple fare
That o'er a glimmering hearth they share:
But when the curfeu's measur'd roar
Duly, the darkening vallies o'er,
Has echoed from the distant town,
They wish no beds of cygnet-down,
No trophied canopy to close
Their drooping eyes in quick repose.

Their little sons, who spread the bloom
Of health around the clay-built room,
Or through the primros'd coppice stray,
Or gambol in the new-mown hay;
Or quaintly braid the cowslip twine,
Or drive afield the tardy kine;
Or hasten from the sultry hill
To loiter at the shady rill;
Or climb the tall pine's gloomy crest
To rob the raven's ancient nest.

Their humble porch with honied flowers
The curling woodbine's shade embowers:
From the trim garden's thymy mound
Their bees in busy swarms resound:
Nor fell Disease, before his time,
Hastes to consume life's golden prime:

## ODE TO MELANCHOL

Spirit of Love and Sorrow hail!
Thy solemn voice from far I hea
Mingling with Evening's dying ga
Hail with thy sadly pleasing tea
O! at this still, this lonely hour,
Thine own sweet hour of closing
Awake thy lute, whose charming po
Shall call up Fancy to obey:
To paint the wild romantic dream
That meets the Poet's musing eye
As on the bank of shadowy

Lead to the mountain's dusky head,
Where far below, in shade profound,
Wide forests, plains, and hamlets spread,
And sad the chimes of vesper sound.
Or guide me where the dashing oar
Just breaks the stillness of the vale,
As slow it tracks the winding shore,
To meet the Ocean's distant sail;
To pebbly banks, that Neptune laves
With measur'd surges loud and deep,
Where the dark cliff bends o'er the waves,
And wild the winds of Autumn sweep.

## THE FAMISHED MOTHER.

Loud, loud blows the wind on the moor,
And chill is my path thro' the snow.
An outcast, unfriended, and poor,
O'er the face of the wide world I go.

Hush, hush, my sweet babe! for thy cry
Is more than my anguish can bear;
O God! will thy merciful eye
Not look on my frantic despair.

At the door of the rich man I knock'd,
For plenty was written thereon,

But colder the hard heart of pride;
No tear for the wretched have they
Who sail on prosperity's tide.

The passenger witness'd my grief,
And he told me he pitied my sigh,
But I spurn'd at his proffer'd relief,
For lew'd was the glance of his eye.

My steps by a banquet-house pass'd,
Where guests enter'd joyous and free
I shrank at the winterly blast,
But there was no entrance for *me*.

Thro' the night, and the storm, and the
Must I and my little one roam:
But e'er many moments are told
Shall we both reach a last quiet home.

Cease, baby, thy screaming so wild.

## AGAINST THE FEAR OF DEATH.

Tremble at death?—for shame! a christian too!
Unworthy then of gospel light art thou.
Nobler affiance heathens paid that power
Which guards the mortal as the natal hour,
Confess'd his boundless strength and righteous will.
Able and prompt to save existence still.

When *Socrates*, the humble, wise, and good,
Basely condemn'd, resign'd his guiltless blood,
"O countrymen!" he cried, "my heart is calm;
For death, and all its horrors, here's my balm:
Am I all mortal, I unpain'd shall rest;
Am I immortal, I shall sure be blest.
"The hour is come—I die:—you live:—'tis well!
"Whose lot is happiest, God o'er all can tell."

Thus dy'd an heathen, as an heathen ought.
What! christian thou, and own a meaner thought?
A christian thou, to whom the gospel-day
Discovers bliss, and animates the way?
Forbid it, honour!—nobly dare be free!
And shew, that death retains no sting for thee!

## ADDRESS TO THE DEITY.

God of my life! and author of my days
Permit my feeble voice to lisp thy praise;
And, trembling, take upon a mortal tongue,
That hallow'd name, to harps of seraphs sung:
Yet here the brightest seraphs could no more,
Than hide their faces, tremble, and adore.
Worms, angels, men, in ev'ry diff'rent sphere,
Are equal all, for all are nothing here.
All nature faints beneath the mighty name,
Which nature's works, thro' all her parts, proclaim.
I feel that name my inmost thoughts controul,
And breathe an awful stillness thro' my soul.
As by a charm, the waves of grief subside;
Impetuous passion stops her headlong tide;
At thy felt presence all emotions cease,
And my hush'd spirit finds a sudden peace;
Till ev'ry worldly thought within me dies,
And earth's gay pageants vanish from my eyes;
Till all my sense is lost in infinite,
And one vast object fills my aching sight.
But soon, alas! this holy calm is broke;
My soul submits to wear her wonted yoke;
With shackled pinions strives to soar in vain,
And mingles with the dross of earth again.

But he, our gracious Master, kind as just,
Knowing our frame, remembers man is dust.
His spirit, ever brooding o'er our mind,
Sees the first wish to better hopes inclin'd;
Marks the young dawn of ev'ry virtuous aim,
And fans the smoaking flax into a flame.
His ears are open to the softest cry,
His grace descends to meet the lifted eye;
He reads the language of a silent tear,
And sighs are incense from a heart sincere.
Such are the vows, the sacrifice I give!
Accept the vow, and bid the suppliant live,
From each terrestrial bondage set me free;
Still ev'ry wish that centres not in thee;
Bid my fond hopes, my vain disquiets cease,
And point my path to everlasting peace.

If the soft hand of winning pleasure leads
By living waters, and thro' flow'ry meads,
When all is smiling, tranquil, and serene,
And vernal beauty paints the flatt'ring scene,
Oh! teach me to elude each latent snare,
And whisper to my sliding heart—beware!
With caution let me hear the Syren's voice,
And doubtful, with a trembling heart, rejoice.

If friendless, in a vale of tears I stray,
Where briars wound, and thorns perplex my way,
Still let my steady soul thy goodness see,
And with strong confidence lay hold on thee;

I read his awful name, emblazon'd high
With golden letters on th' illumin'd sky;
Nor less the mystic characters I see,
Wrought in each flow'r, inscrib'd on ev'ry t
In ev'ry leaf that trembles to the breeze,
I hear the voice of God among the trees;
With thee in shady solitudes I walk,
With thee in busy crowded cities talk;
In every creature own thy forming pow'r,
In each event thy providence adore.
Thy hopes shall animate my drooping soul,
Thy precepts guide me, and thy fear contro
Thus shall I rest, unmov'd by all alarms,
Secure within the temple of thine arms,
From anxious cares, from gloomy terrors free
And feel myself omnipotent in thee.

Then, when the last, the closing hour draws
And earth recedes before my swimming

## THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES.

Let observation with extensive view,
Survey mankind, from China to Peru;
Remark each anxious toil, each eager strife,
And watch the busy scenes of crowded life;
Then say how hope and fear, desire and hate,
O'erspread with snares the clouded maze of fate,
Where wav'ring man, betray'd by vent'rous pride,
To tread the dreary paths without a guide;
As treach'rous phantoms in the mist delude,
Shuns fancied ills, or chases airy good.
How rarely reason guides the stubborn choice,
Rules the bold hand, or prompts the suppliant voice,
How nations sink, by darling schemes oppress'd,
When vengeance listens to the fool's request.
Fate wings with ev'ry wish th' afflictive dart,
Each gift of nature, and each grace of art,
With fatal heat impetuous courage glows,
With fatal sweetness elocution flows,
Impeachment stops the speaker's pow'rful breath,
And restless fire precipitates on death.
But scarce observ'd the knowing and the bold,
Fall in the gen'ral massacre of gold;

Wealth heap'd on wealth, nor truth nor se
The dangers gather as the treasures rise

Let hist'ry tell where rival kings com
And dubious title shakes the madded la
When statutes glean the refuse of the s
How much more safe the vassal than th
Low sculks the hind beneath the rage
And leaves the wealthy traytor in the
Untouch'd his cottage, and his slumbers
Tho' confiscation's vultures hover round

The needy traveller, serene and gay,
Walks the wide heath, and sings his toil
Does envy seize thee? crush th' upbra
Encrease his riches and his peace destr
New fears in dire vicissitude invade,
The rustling brake alarms, and quiv'rin
Nor light nor darkness bring his pain re
One shews the plunder, and one hides t

Yet still one gen'ral cry the skies ass
And pain and grandeur load the tainted

Thou who couldst laugh where want enchain'd caprice,
Toil crush'd conceit, and man was of a piece;
Where wealth unlov'd without a mourner dy'd;
And scarce a sycophant was fed by pride;
Where ne'er was known the form of mock debate,
Or seen a new made mayor's unwieldly state;
Where change of fav'rites made no change of laws,
And senates heard before they judg'd a cause;
How wouldst thou shake at Britain's modish tribe,
Dart the quick taunt, and edge the piercing gibe?
Attentive truth and nature to decry,
And pierce each scene with philosophic eye.
To thee were solemn toys or empty show,
The robes of pleasure and the veils of woe:
All aid the farce, and all thy mirth maintain,
Whose joys are causeless, or whose griefs are vain.
Such was the scorn that fill'd the sage's mind,
Renew'd at ev'ry glance on human kind;
How just that scorn ere yet thy voice declare,
Search ev'ry state, and canvas ev'ry pray'r.
Unnumber'd suppliants croud Preferment's gate,
A thirst for wealth, and burning to be great;
Delusive Fortune hears th' incessant call,
They mount, they shine, evaporate, and fall.
On ev'ry stage the foes of peace attend,
Hate dogs their flight, and insult mocks their end.
Love ends with hope, the sinking statesman's door
Pours in the morning worshipper no more;

And smoak'd in kitchens or in au
To better features yields the fram
For now no more we trace in ev'r
Heroic worth, benevolence divine
The form distorted justifies the fall,
And detestation rids th' indignant

But will not Britain hear the last
Sign her foes doom, or guard her fa
Thro' Freedom's sons no more remon
Degrading nobles and controuling k
Our supple tribes repress their patri
And ask no questions but the price o
With weekly libels and septennial al
Their wish is full to riot and to rail.

In full-blown dignity, see Wolsey
Law in his voice, and fortune in his h
To him the church, the realm, their
sign,
Thro' him the rays of regal bounty sh
Still to new heights his restless wish
Claim

Where'er he turns he meets a stranger's eye,
His suppliants scorn him, and his followers fly;
At once is lost the pride of awful state,
The golden canopy, the glitt'ring plate,
The regal palace, the luxurious board,
The liv'ried army, and the menial lord.
With age, with cares, with maladies oppress'd,
He seeks the refuge of monastic rest.
Grief aids disease, remember'd folly stings,
And his last sighs reproach the faith of kings.
Speak thou, whose thoughts at humble peace repine,
Shall Wolsey's wealth with Wolsey's end be thine?
Or liv'st thou now, with safer pride content,
The wisest justice on the banks of Trent,
For why did Wolsey near the steeps of fate,
On weak foundations raise th' enormous weight?
Why but to sink beneath misfortune's blow,
With louder ruin to the gulphs below?
What gave great Villiers to th' assassin's knife
And fix'd disease on Harley's closing life?
What murder'd Wentworth, and what exil'd Hyde,
By kings protected, and to kings ally'd?
What but their wish indulg'd in courts to shine,
And pow'r too great to keep or to resign?
When first the college rolls receive his name,
The young enthusiast quits his ease for fame;
Through all his veins the fever of renown
Spreads from the strong contagion of the gown;

Yet should thy soul indulge the gen'r
Till captive Science yields her last ret
Should Reason guide thee with her bri
And pour on misty Doubt resistless day
Should no false kindness lure to loose d
Nor praise relax, nor difficulty fright;
Should tempting Novelty thy cell refrai
And Sloth effuse her opiate fumes in vai
Should Beauty blunt on fops her fatal d
Nor claim the triumph of a letter'd heart
Should no disease thy torpid veins invade
Nor melancholy's phantoms haunt thy sh
Yet hope not life from grief or danger fre
Nor think the doom of man revers'd for th
Deign on the passing world to turn thine e
And pause awhile from letters, to be wise;
There mark what ills the scholar's life assai
Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail.
See nations slowly wise, and meanly just,
To buried merit raise the tard

See when the vulgar 'scape, despis'd or aw'd,
Rebellion's vengeful talons seize on Laud.
From meaner minds, tho' smaller fines content
The plunder'd palace or sequester'd rent;
Mark'd out by dang'rous parts he meets the shock,
And fatal Learning leads him to the block:
Around his tomb let Art and Genius weep,
But hear his death, ye blockheads, hear and sleep.
The festal blazes, the triumphal show,
The ravish'd standard, and the captive foe,
The senate's thanks, the gazette's pompous tale,
With force resistless o'er the brave prevail.
Such bribes the rapid Greek o'er Asia whirl'd,
For such the steady Romans shook the world;
For such in distant lands the Britons shine,
And stain with blood the Danube or the Rhine.
This pow'r has praise, that virtue scarce can warm,
Till fame supplies the universal charm.
Yet Reason frowns on War's unequal game,
Where wasted nations raise a single name,
And mortgag'd states their grandsires wreaths regret,
From age to age in everlasting debt;
Wreaths which at last the dear-bought right convey
To rust on medals, or on stones decay.
On what foundation stands the warrior's pride,
How just his hopes let Swedish Charles decide;
A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
No dangers fright him, and no labours tire;

... Triumph, be Justice to the I
Behold surrounding kings their pow'rs co
And one capitulate, and one resign;
Peace courts his hand, but spreads her
in vain;
"Think nothing gain'd, he cries, till not
main,
"On Moscow's wall till Gothic standards
"And all be mine beneath the polar sky.
The march begins in military state,
And nations on his eye suspended wait;
Stern Famine guards the solitary coast,
And Winter barricades the realms of frost;
He comes, not want and cold his course de
Hide, blushing glory, hide Pultowa's day:
The vanquish'd hero leaves his broken bai
And shews his miseries in distant lands;
Condemn'd a needy supplicant to wait;
While ladies interpose, and slaves debate.
But did not Chance at length her error me

All times their scenes of pompous woes afford,
From Persia's tyrant to Bavaria's lord.
In gay hostility, and barb'rous pride,
With half mankind embattled at his side,
Great Xerxes comes to seize the certain prey,
And starves exhausted regions in his way;
Attendant flatt'ry counts his myriads o'er,
Till counted myriads sooth his pride no more;
Fresh praise is try'd till madness fires his mind,
The waves he lashes, and enchains the wind;
New pow'rs are claim'd, new pow'rs are still
bestow'd,
Till rude resistance lops the spreading god;
The daring Greeks deride the martial show,
And heap their vallies with the gaudy foe;
Th' insulted sea with humbler thoughts he gains,
A single skiff to speed his flight remains;
Th' incumber'd oar scarce leaves the dreaded
coast
Through purple billows and a floating host.
The bold Bavarian, in a luckless hour,
Tries the dread summits of Cæsarean pow'r,
With unexpected legions bursts away,
And sees defenceless realms receive his sway;
Short sway! fair Austria spreads her mournful
charms,
The Queen, the beauty, sets the world in arms;
From hill to hill the beacons rousing blaze
Spreads wide the hopes of plunder and of praise;

The fierce Croation, and the wild Hussar,
And all the sons of ravage crowd the war;
The baffled prince in Honour's flatt'ring bloom
Of hasty greatness finds the fatal doom,
His foes derision, and his subjects blame,
And steals to death from anguish and from shame.
Enlarge my life with multitude of days,
In health, in sickness, thus the suppliant prays;
Hides from himself his state, and shuns to know,
That life protracted, is protracted woe.
Time hovers o'er, impatient to destroy,
And shuts up all the passages of joy:
In vain their gifts the bounteous seasons pour,
The fruit autumnal, and the vernal flow'r,
With listless eyes the dotard views the store,
He views, and wonders that they please no more;
Now pall the tasteless meats, and joyless wines,
And luxury with sighs her slave resigns.
Approach, ye minstrels, try the soothing strain,
Diffuse the tuneful lenitives of pain:
No sound, alas, would touch th' impervious ear,
Though dancing mountains witness'd Orpheus near;
Nor lute nor lyre his feeble pow'r attend,
Nor sweeter music of a virtuous friend,
But everlasting dictates crowd his tongue,
Perversely grave or positively wrong.
The still returning tale, and ling'ring jest,
Perplex the fawning niece and pamper'd guest,

While growing hopes scarce awe the gath'ring sneer,
And scarce a legacy can bribe to hear;
The watchful guests still hint the last offence,
The daughter's petulance, the son's expence,
Improve his heady rage with treach'rous skill,
And mould his passion till they make his will.

Unnumber'd maladies his joints invade,
Lay siege to life, and press the dire blockade;
But unextinguish'd avarice still remains,
And dreaded losses aggravate his pains;
He turns, with anxious heart and crippled hands,
His bonds of debt, and mortgages of lands;
Or view his coffers with suspicious eyes,
Unlocks his gold, and counts it till he dies.

But grant, the virtues of a temp'rate prime
Bless with an age exempt from scorn or crime;
An age that melts with unperceiv'd decay,
And glides in modest innocence away;
Whose peaceful day Benevolence endears,
Whose night congratulating Conscience cheers;
The gen'ral fav'rite as the gen'ral friend:
Such age there is, and who could wish its end?

Yet ev'n on this her load Misfortune flings,
To press the weary minutes flagging wings;
New sorrow rises as the day returns,
A sister sickens, or a daughter mourns.
Now kindred Merit fills the sable bier,
Now lacerated Friendship claims a tear.

... paying nature signs the last release,
And bids afflicted worth retire to peace.

But few there are whom hours like thes
Who set unclouded in the gulphs of Fate
From Lydia's monarch should the search c
By Solon caution'd to regard his end,
In life's last scene what prodigies surprise
Fears of the brave and follies of the wise.
From Marlb'rough eyes the streams of
flow,
And Swift expires a driveler and a show.

The teeming mother, anxious for her rac
Begs for each birth the fortune of a face:
Yet Vane could tell what ills from beauty
And Sedley curs'd the form that pleas'd
Ye nymphs of rosy lips and radiant eyes,
Whom pleasure keeps too busy to be wise,
Whom joys with soft varieties invite,
By day the frolick, and the dance by nigh
Who frown with vanity, who smile with art

With distant voice neglected Virtue calls,
Less heard and less, the faint remonstrance falls;
Tir'd with contempt, she quits the slipp'ry reign,
And Pride and Prudence take her seat in vain.
In crowd at once, where none the pass defend,
The harmless Freedom, and the private Friend.
The guardians yield, by force superior ply'd;
By Int'rest, Prudence; and by Flatt'ry, Pride.
Now Beauty falls betray'd, despis'd, distress'd,
And hissing infamy proclaims the rest.
Where than shall Hope and Fear their objects find?
Must dull Suspence corrupt the stagnant mind?
Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,
Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate?
Must no dislike alarm, no wishes rise,
No cries invoke the mercies of the skies?
Enquirer cease, petitions yet remain,
Which heav'n may hear, nor deem religion vain,
Still raise for good the supplicating voice,
But leave to heav'n the measure and the choice,
Safe in his pow'r, whose eyes discern afar
The secret ambush of a specious pray'r.
Implore his aid, in his decision rest,
Secure whate'er he gives, he gives the best.
Yet when the sense of sacred presence fires,
And strong devotion to the skies aspires,
Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful mind,
Obedient passions, and a will resign'd;

These goods for man the laws of heav'n ord
These goods he grants, who grants the pow
gain;
With these celestial Wisdom calms the mind
And makes the happiness she does not find.

## THE FALLING LEAF.

See the leaves around us falling,
Dry and withered to the ground!
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling
With a sad and solemn sound—

"Sons of Adam—once in Eden,
Blighted when like us you fell,
Hear the lecture we are reading.

Griping Misers! nightly waking,
See the end or all your care,
Fled on wings of our own making,
We have left our owners bare;

Sons of Honor! fed on praises,
Flutt'ring high on fancied worth,
Lo! the fickle air that raises
Brings us down to parent Earth;

Learned Sophs! in systems jaded,
Who for new ones daily call,
Cease at length by us persuaded,
Every leaf must have a fall;

Youths! tho' yet no losses grieve you,
Gay in health and manly grace,
Let not cloudless skies deceive you
Summer gives to Autumn place;

Venerable Sires! grown hoary,
Hither turn th' unwilling eye,
Think amidst your falling glory,
Autumn tells a Winter nigh;

Yearly in our course returning,
Messengers of shortest stay,
Thus we preach this truth unerring,
Heav'n and Earth shall pass away!

## THE ROSE.

The Rose, the sweet blooming Rose
Ere from the trees its torn,
Is like the charms which Beauty s
In Life's exulting morn!

But oh! how soon its sweets are g
How soon it withering lies,
So when the Eve of Life comes on
Sweet beauty fades and dies:

## CHARITY AND RELIGION.

All hail! benignant name, sweet Charity!
So prompt to pity—eager to supply,
Blest emanation of the heavenly mind,
Friend of the world and parent of mankind!
That pines in dungeons—anxious looks around,
And drops the lucid tear where woes abound,
Nor tears alone—O! dear to man and God,
Let ev'ry breast provide thee an abode,
Let every pulse beat high with thee—and thrill
Pervade each soul and all intentions fill,
Let thy kind beams on humble peasants shine,
Be thine to pity—to relieve be thine!

And thou, Religion! soul transforming flame,
(Let earth thy power—let heav'n thy praise proclaim)
Whoe'er 's possessed of thee could wish no more,
And without thee a Cræsus must be poor.
Come then, Religion! and the toiling hind
Shall more than bread in thine embraces find;
Thy precious balm distill'd upon his heart,
His wants subside—his sorrows all depart;
He sees his storm-beat cottage proudly rise,
More than a palace—half a paradise!

## SUN STAND THOU STILL!

"Stand still—refulgent orb of day!"
A Jewish hero cries——
So shall, at last, an Angel say,
And tear it from the skies!

A flame intenser than the Sun,
Shall melt his golden urn,
Time's empty glass no more shall run,
Nor human years return!

Then with immortal splendor bright,
That glorious orb shall rise,
Which thro' eternity shall light

## ON THE DEITY.

I read God's awful name emblazon'd high,
With golden letters on th' illumin'd sky;
Nor less the mystic characters I see,
Wrought in each flower, inscrib'd on ev'ry tree;
In ev'ry leaf that trembles to the breeze
I hear the voice of God among the trees.
With thee in shady solitudes I walk,
With thee in busy crowded cities talk;
In every creature own thy forming power,
In each event thy providence adore.

Thy hopes shall animate my drooping soul,
Thy precepts guide me, and thy fear controul:
Thus shall I rest, unmov'd by all alarms,
Secure within the temple of thine arms,
From anxious cares, from gloomy terrors free,
And feel myself omnipotent in thee.

Then when the last, the closing hour draws nigh,
And earth recedes before my swimming eye;
When trembling on the doubtful edge of fate
I stand, and stretch my view to either state;
Teach me to quit this transitory scene
With decent triumph and a look serene;
Teach me to fix my ardent hopes on high,
And, having liv'd to thee, in thee to die.

O thou great arbiter of life and death!
Nature's immortal immaterial sun!
Whose all-prolific beam late call'd me forth
From darkness, teeming darkness, where I lay
The worm's inferior, and, in rank, beneath
The dust I tread on, high to bear my brow,
To drink the spirit of the golden day,
And triumph in existence; and could'st know
No motive, but my bliss; with Abraham's joy,
Thy call I follow to the land unknown;
I trust in thee, and know in whom I trust;
Or life or death is equal; neither weighs,
All weight in this—O let me live to thee!

## THE FRAILTY AND FOLLY OF MAN.

And, by the blast of self-opinion mov'd,
We wish to charm, and seek to be belov'd.
On pleasure's flow'ry brink we idly stray,
Masters as yet of our returning way:
Seeing no danger, we disarm our mind,
And give our conduct to the waves and wind:
Then in the flow'ry mead, or verdant shade,
To wanton dalliance negligently laid,
We weave the chaplet, and we crown the bowl,
And smiling see the nearer waters roll:
Till the strong gusts of raging passion rise,
Till the dire tempest mingles earth and skies;
And, swift into the boundless ocean borne,
Our foolish confidence too late we mourn:
Round our devoted heads the billows beat;
And from our troubled view the lessen'd lands
retreat.

## LIFE COMPARED TO A STREAM.

Is it, that Life has sown her joys so thick,
We can't thrust in a single care between?
Is it, that life has such a swarm of cares,
The thought of death can't enter for the throng?
Is it, that time steals on with downy feet,
Nor wakes indulgence from her golden dream?

In the same brook none ever bath'd him tw
To the same life none ever twice awoke.
We call the brook the same; the same we t
Our life, though still more rapid in its flow;
Nor mark the much irrevocably laps'd,
And mingled with the sea. Or shall we sa
(Retaining still the brook to bear us on)
That life is like a vessel on the stream?
In life embark'd, we smoothly down the tid
Of time descend, but not of time intent;
Amus'd, unconscious of the gliding wave;
Till on a sudden we perceive a shock;
We start, awake, look out; our bark is bur
Is this the cause death flies all human thc
Or is it judgment by the will struck blind,
That domineering mistress of the soul!
Or is it fear turns startled reason back,
From looking down a precipice so steep?
'Tis dreadful; and the dread is wisely pla
By nature conscious of the make of man.

## A PRAYER IN THE PROSPECT OF DEATH.

O Thou unknown Almighty cause
  Of all my hope and fear!
In whose dread presence, ere an hour,
  Perhaps I must appear!

If I have wander'd in those paths
  Of life I ought to shun,
As something loudly in my breast
  Remonstrates I have done;

Thou know'st that Thou hast formed me
  With passions wild and strong:
And list'ning to their 'witching voice
  Has often led me wrong.

Where human weakness has come short,
  Or frailty stepp'd aside,
Do Thou, all-good! for such Thou art,
  In shades of darkness hide.

Where with intention I have err'd,
  No other plea I have,
But, Thou art good; and goodness still
  Delighteth to forgive.

A few seem favourites of fate
In pleasure's lap carest,
Yet think not *all* the rich and great
Are likewise truly blest;
But oh! what crouds in ev'ry land
Are wretched and forlorn;
Thro' weary life this lesson learn,
That man was made to mourn!

Many and sharp the num'rous ills
Inwoven with our frame;
More pointed still we make ourselves
Regret—remorse and shame.
And *Man*, whose heav'n-erected face
The smiles of love adorn:
Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn!

See yonder poor o'er-labour'd wight,
So abject, mean and vile,

If I'm design'd yon lordling's slave
  By nature's law design'd,
Why was an *independent* wish
  E'er planted in my mind.
If not—why am I subject to
  His cruelty or scorn;
Or why has man the will or pow'r
  To make his fellow mourn?

Yet let not this too much my son
  Disturb thy youthful breast;
This partial view of human kind
    Is surely not the *last:*
The poor oppressed honest man
  Had never sure been born,
Had there not been some recompence
  To comfort those that mourn!

O Death! the poor man's dearest friend,
  The kindest and the best:
Welcome the hour my aged limbs
  Are laid with thee at rest!
The great and wealthy fear thy blow,
  From pomp and pleasure torn;
But oh! a blest relief to those
  That weary-laden mourn!

## THE POOR SLAVE.

O! does not mercy shudder to behold
Life-freedom barter'd for a Christian's gold!
Yes—mark the wretch who torn from Congo's sands,
Uplifts in vain his supplicating hands:
And looks and weeps, and looks to look no more,
On that fond *home*, that sun illumin'd shore:
Condemn'd by pow'r by trade's unfeeling lust,
On Indian isles to bow his neck to dust.
Inhuman deed! with systematic plan,
To sell the life—the liberty of man!
And say, ye statesmen, coldly, who discuss
The fate of *him* who sadly suffers thus,
Do long subjection and unceasing toil,
The scourge, the chains, the fetter and the soil,
Unhinge, undo the mental fabric so,
That nature loves habituated woe;
That stripes are pleasures, and that men set free
Would weep for freedom as a misery?

Thus, thus will *Trade* unconquer'd still by time,
Raise her base voice to cloak the hellish crime;
Thus will she lift the lash, and living smile,
As blood-earn'd-lucre centers in her isle;
Poor friendless *Slave!* though sable is thy skin,
Thou art a *Man*—thou hast a soul within!

Methinks I see thee as the trumpet-horn,
Breaks on thy sleepless couch, and hails the morn,
Steal to the shore, uplift thine eyes and weep,
Then plunge in wild despair beneath the deep.
Poor wretch! he thinks when all his woes are o'er,
And tyrant-stripes extort the groan no more,
On wings of bliss his palmy land to know,
His painted quiver and his hunter-bow:
To range the woods, and see restor'd again,
The tiger-spoils the friendly forms of Men!

## DEATH.

Friend to the wretch whom every friend forsakes,
I woo thee, Death! in fancy's fairy paths
Let the gay songster rove, and gently trill
The strain of empty joy. Life and its joys
I leave to those that prize them. At this hour,
This solemn hour, when silence rules the world,
And wearied nature makes a gen'ral pause;
Wrapt in night's sable robe, through cloysters drear
And charnels pale, tenanted by a throng

Of meagre phantoms shooting cross my path
With silent glance. I seek the shadowy vale
Of death. Deep in a murky cave's recess,
Lav'd by Oblivion's listless stream, and fenc'd
By shelving rocks, and intermingled horrors
Of yew and cypress shade, from all intrusion
Of busy noontide beam, the Monarch sits
In unsubstantial majesty enthron'd.
At his right hand, nearest himself in place
And frightfulness of form, his parent Sin
With fatal industry and cruel care
Busies herself in pointing all his strings,
And tipping every shaft with venom drawn
From her infernal store: around him rang'd
In terrible array, and mixture strange
Of uncouth shapes, stand his dread ministers.
Foremost old age, his natural ally
And firmest friend: next him diseases thick,
A motley train; fever, with cheek of fire;
Consumption wan; palsy, half warm with life,
And half a clay-clod lump; joint-torturing gout,
And ever-gnawing rheum; convulsion wild;
Swoln dropsy; panting asthma; apoplex
Full-gorg'd. There too the pestilence that walks
In darkness, and the sickness that destroys
At broad noon-day. These, and a thousand more,
Horrid to tell, attentive wait; and, when
By Heav'n's command Death waves his ebon wand,
Sudden rush forth to execute his purpose,

And scatter desolation o'er the earth.
Ill-fated man, for whom such various forms
Of mis'ry wait, and mark their future prey;
Ah! why, all-righteous father, didst thou make
This creature, man? why wake th' unconscious dust
To life and wretchedness? O better far
Still had he slept in uncreated night,
If this the lot of being! Was it for this
Thy breath divine kindled within his breast
The vital flame? For this was thy fair image
Stampt on his soul in godlike lineaments?
For this dominion giv'n him absolute
O'er all thy works, only that he might reign
Supreme in woe? From the blest source of good,
Could pain and death proceed? Could such foul ills
Fall from fair mercy's hands? Far be the thought,
The impious thought! God never made a creature
But what was good. He made a *living soul;*
*The wretched mortal* was the work of man.
Forth from his maker's hands he sprung to life,
Fresh with immortal bloom; no pain he knew,
No fear of change, no check to his desires,
Save one command. That one command, which stood
'Twixt him and death, the test of his obedience,
Urg'd on by wanton curiosity,
He broke. There in one moment was undone

The fairest of God's works. The same rash hand,
That pluck'd in evil hour the fatal fruit,
Unbarr'd the gates of hell, and let loose sin
And death, and all the family of pain,
To prey upon mankind. Young nature saw
The monstrous crew, and shook thro' all her frame.
Then fled her new-born lustre, then began
Heaven's cheerful face to low'r, then vapours
choak'd
The troubled air, and form'd a veil of clouds
To hide the willing sun. The earth convuls'd
With painful throes threw forth a bristly crop
Of thorns and briars; and insect, bird, and beast,
That wont before with admiration fond
To gaze at man, and fearless crowd around him,
Now fled before his face, shunning in haste
Th' infection of his misery. He alone
Who justly might, th' offended Lord of man,
Turn'd not away his face; he, full of pity,
Forsook not in this uttermost distress
His best lov'd work. That comfort still remain'd
(That best, that greatest comfort in affliction)
The countenance of God, and thro' the gloom,
Shot forth some kindly gleams, to cheer and warm
Th' offender's sinking soul. Hope sent from heav'n
Uprais'd his drooping head, and shew'd afar
A happier scene of things; the promis'd seed
Trampling on the serpent's humbled crest:
Death of his sting disarm'd; and the dark grave,
Made pervious to the realms of endless day,

No more the limit but the gate of life.
Cheer'd with the view, man went to till the ground
From whence he rose; sentenc'd indeed to toil
As to a punishment, yet (ev'n in wrath,
So merciful is heav'n) this toil became
The solace of his woes, the sweet employ
Of many a live-long hour, and surest guard
Against disease and death. Death, tho' denounc'd
Was yet a distant ill, by feeble arm
Of age, his sole support, led slowly on.
Not then, as since the short-liv'd sons of men
Flock'd to his realms in countless multitudes;
Scarce in the course of twice five hundred years,
One solitary ghost went shiv'ring down
To his unpeopled shore. In sober state,
Through the sequester'd vale of rural life,
The venerable patriarch guileless led
The tenour of his way; labour prepar'd
His simple fare, and temperance rul'd his board.
Tir'd with his daily toil, at early eve
He sunk to sudden rest, gentle and pure
As breath of evening zephyr, and as sweet,
Were all his slumbers; with the sun he rose,
Alert and vigorous as he, to run
His destin'd course. Thus nerv'd with giant strength
He stemm'd the tide of time, and stood the shock
Of ages rolling harmless o'er his head.
At life's meridian point arriv'd, he stood,

[illegible] slope of life's declin
He bent his gradual way, till, full of
He dropp'd like mellow fruit into his
Such in the infancy of time was ma
So calm was life, so impotent was deat
O had he but preserv'd these few rem
The shatter'd fragments, of lost happi
Snatch'd by the hand of heav'n from th
Of innocence primæval; still had he l
In ruin great; tho' fall'n, yet not forlo
Though mortal, yet not every where be
With death in every shape! But he, in
To be completely wretched, hastes to fil
The measure of his woes.—'Twas man l
Brought death into the world; and mar
Gave keeness to his darts, quicken'd hi
And multiply'd destruction on mankind
First envy, eldest born of hell, embr
Her hands in blood, and taught the son
To make a death which nature never m
[illegible]

To sate the lust of pow'r: more horrid still,
The foulest stain and scandel of our nature,
Became its boast. *One* murder made a villain;
*Millions* a hero. Princes were privileg'd
To kill, and numbers sanctified the crime.
Ah! why will kings forget that they are men?
And men that they are brethren? Why delight
In human sacrifice? Why burst the ties
Of nature, that should knit their souls together
In one soft bond of amity and love?
Yet still they breathe destruction, still go on
Inhumanly ingenious to find out
New pains for life, new terrors for the grave,
Artificers of death! Still monarchs dream
Of universal empire growing up
From universal ruin. Blast the design
Great God of hosts, nor let thy creatures fall
Unpitied victims at ambition's shrine!
Yet say, should tyrants learn at last to feel,
And the loud din of battle cease to bray;
Should dove-ey'd peace o'er all the earth extend
Her olive-branch, and give the world repose,
Would death be foil'd? Would health, and strength, and youth
Defy his pow'r? Has he no arts in store,
No other shafts save those of war? Alas!
Ev'n in the smile of peace, that smile which sheds
A heav'nly sunshine o'er the soul, there basks
That serpent luxury. War its thousand slays;
Peace its ten thousands. In th' embattled plain,

Tho' death exults, and claps his raven wings,
Yet reigns he not ev'n there so absolute,
So merciless as in yon frantic scenes
Of midnight revel and tumultuous mirth,
Where in th' intoxicating draught conceal'd,
Or couch'd beneath the glance of lawless love,
He snares the simple youth, who nought suspecting,
Means to be blest— but finds himself undone.
Down the smooth stream of life the stripling darts,
Gay as the morn; bright glows the vernal sky,
Hope swells his sails, and passion steers his course.
Safe glides his little bark along the shore
Where virtue takes her stand; but if too far
He launches forth beyond discretion's mark,
Sudden the tempest scowls, the surges roar,
Blot his fair day, and plunge him in the deep,
O sad but sure mischance! O happier far
To lie like gallant Howe 'midst Indian wilds
A breathless corse, cut off by savage hands
In earliest prime, a generous sacrifice
To freedom's holy cause; than so to fall,
Torn immature from life's meridian joys,
A prey to vice, intemp'rance, and disease.
Yet die ev'n thus, thus rather perish still,
Ye sons of pleasure, by th' Almighty strick'n,
Than ever dare (though oft, alas! ye dare)
To lift against yourselves the murd'rous steel,
To wrest from God's own hand the sword of justice,

And be your own avengers! Hold, rash man,
Though with anticipating speed thou 'st rang'd
Through ev'ry region of delight, nor left
One joy to gild the evening of thy days;
Though life seem one uncomfortable void,
Guilt at thy heels, before thy face despair;
Yet gay this scene, and light this load of woe,
Compar'd with thy hereafter. Think, O think,
And, ere thou plunge into the vast abyss,
Pause on the verge a while: look down and see
Thy future mansion. Why that start of horror?
From thy slack hand why drops th' uplifted steel?
Didst thou not think such vengeance must await
The wretch, that with his crimes all fresh about
him
Rushes irreverent, unprepar'd, uncall'd,
Into his Maker's presence, throwing back
With insolent disdain his choicest gift?
Live then, while heav'n in pity lends thee life,
And think it all too short to wash away,
By penitential tears and deep contrition,
The scarlet of thy crimes. So shalt thou find
Rest to thy soul; so unappall'd shall meet
Death when he comes, not wantonly invite
His ling'ring stroke. Be it thy sole concern
With innocence to live: with patience wait
Th' appointed hour; too soon that hour will come,
Tho' nature run her course. But nature's God,
If need require, by thousand various ways,
Without thy aid can shorten that short span.

[illegible] vengeance; when he comes arra
In all the terrors of Almighty wrath,
Forth from his bosom plucks his ling'ring arm,
And on the miscreants pours destruction down
Who can abide his coming? Who can bear
His whole displeasure? In no common form
Death then appears, but starting into size
Enormous, measures with gigantic stride
Th' astonish'd earth, and from his looks thro
round,
Unutterrable horror and dismay.
All nature lends her aid, each element
Arms in his cause. Ope fly the doors of heav'n
The fountains of the deep their barriers break;
Above, below, the rival torrents pour,
And drown creation: or in floods of fire
Descends a livid cataract, and consumes
An impious race. Sometimes, when all seem
peace,
Wakes the grim whirlwind, and with rude embrace
Sweeps nations to their [illegible]

With pois'nous dew; no smiting hands is seen,
No sound is heard, but soon her secret path
Is mark'd with desolation; heaps on heaps
Promiscuous drop. No friend, no refuge, near;
All, all, is false and treacherous around;
All that they touch, or taste, or breathe, is death.
But ah! what means that ruinous roar? Why fail
These tott'ring feet? Earth to it's centre feels
The God-head's power, and trembling at his touch
Through all its pillars, and in ev'ry pore,
Hurls to the ground, with one convulsive heave,
Precipitating domes, and towns, and tow'rs,
The work of ages. Crush'd beneath the weight
Of general devastation, millions find
One common grave; not ev'n a widow left
To wail her sons: the house that should protect,
Entombs his master; and the faithless plain,
If there he flies for help, with sudden yawn
Starts from beneath him. Shield me, gracious heav'n,
O snatch me from destruction! If this globe,
This solid globe, which thine own hand hath made
So firm and sure, if this my steps betray;
If my own mother earth, from whence I sprung,
Rise up with rage unnatural to devour
Her wretched offspring, whither shall I fly?
Where look for succour? Where, but up to thee,
Almighty father? Save, O save thy suppliant
From horrors such as these! At thy good time

Thy kindly aid to mitigate his st
And at that hour when all aghas
(A trembling candidate for thy
On this world's brink and look
When my soul, starting from the
Casts back a wishful look, and f
To her frail prop, unwilling to be
From this fair scene, from all her
And all the lovely relatives of lif
Then shed thy comforts o'er me,
The gentlest of thy looks. Let
In all their hideous forms then st
Plant themselves round my couch
And stab my bleeding heart with
ture,
Sense of past guilt, and dread of
Far be the ghastly crew! And in
Let cheerful memory from her pur
Lead forth a goodly train of Virtu
Cherish'd in earliest youth, now p

Disdain not Thou to smooth the restless bed
Of sickness and of pain  Forgive the tear
That feeble nature drops, calm all her fears,
Wake all her hopes, and animate her faith,
Till my rapt soul, anticipating heav'n,
Bursts from the thraldom of incumb'ring clay,
And on the wings of ecstacy unborne,
Springs into liberty, and light, and life.

## ON DEATH.

Death is a path that must be trod,
If ever we would pass to *God*;
A port secure, a state of ease,
From the rough rage of swelling seas.

As men who long in prison dwell,
With lamps that glimmer round the cell,
Whene'er their suff'ring years are run,
Spring forth to greet the glitt'ring sun:

Such joy, though far transcending sense,
Have pious souls at parting hence:

See the bright scene unfolding
Then plume the wing, and tow'
And mingle with the blaze of d

## GOD THE CREATOR OF

A God! a God! the wide earth s
A God! the heav'ns reply:
He moulded in his palm the world
And hung it in the sky.

Let us make man—with beauty cl
And health in ev'ry vein,

Ye hills, and vales! ye meads and woods!
Bright sun and glitt'ring stars!
Fair creatures, tell me, if ye can,
From whence, and what I am?

What parent pow'r, all great and good,
Do these around me own?
Tell me, creation, tell me how
T' adore the vast unknown!

## RESIGNATION.

O thou great being! what thou art
Surpasses me to know:
Yet sure I am, that known to thee
Are all thy works below.

Thy creature here before thee stands,
All wretched and distress'd;
Yet sure those ills that wring my soul
Obey thy high behest.

Sure thou, Almighty! canst not act
From cruelty or wrath:
O free my weary eyes from tears,
Preserve my soul from death.

But if I must afflicted be,
To suit some wise design;
Then, man my soul with firm resolves,
To bear, and not repine.

## ON CHEERFULNESS.

Fair as the dawning light! auspicious guest!
Source of all comfort to the human breast;
Depriv'd of thee, in sad despair we moan,
And tedious roll the heavy moments on.
Though beauteous objects all around us rise,
To charm the fancy and delight the eyes;
Though art's fair works and nature's gifts conspire
To please each sense, and satiate each desire,
'Tis joyless all—till thy enliv'ning ray
Scatters the melancholy gloom away.
Then opens to the soul a heavenly scene,
Gladness and peace, all sprightly, all serene.
Where dost thou reign, say, in what blest retreat,
To choose thy mansion, and to fix thy seat?
Thy sacred presence how shall we explore?
Can av'rice gain thee with her golden store?
Can vain ambition with her boasted charms
Tempt thee within her wide-extended arms?

No, with content alone canst thou abide,
Thy sister, ever smiling by thy side.
When boon companions void of ev'ry care
Crown the full bowl, and the rich banquet share,
And give a loose to pleasure—art thou there?
Or when the assembled great and fair advance
To celebrate the mask, the play, the dance,
Whilst beauty spreads its sweetest charms around,
And airs ecstatic swell their tuneful sound,
Art thou within the pompous circle found?
Does not thy influence more sedately shine?
Can such tumultuous joys as these be thine?
Surely more mild, more constant in their course,
Thy pleasures issue from a nobler course;
From sweet discretion ruling in the breast,
From passions temper'd, and from lusts represt;
From thoughts unconscious of a guilty smart,
And the calm transports of an honest heart.
Thy aid, O ever faithful, ever kind!
Thro' life, thro' death, attends the virtuous mind;
Of angry fate, wards from us ev'ry blow,
Cures ev'ry ill, and softens ev'ry woe.
Whatever good our mortal state desires,
What wisdom finds, or innocence inspires;
From nature's bounteous hand whatever flows,
Whate'er our Maker's providence bestows,
By thee mankind enjoys; by thee repays
A grateful tribute of perpetual praise.

Die, blooming flowers! as if ye ne'er had b
Die, and relinquish this empurpled scene:
Die, and in due succession, in your stead,
Others shall bloom, and equal fragrance she
Like you, bereav'd of every living grace,
Like you, in every clime, the human race
Shall perish in succession.—"No!" I hear
Reason announce, in accent soft and clear,
Tun'd to the warbling of those heav'nly strin
With whose sweet strain the sapphire region
When holy faith, in pity to mankind,
Reveals the triumphs of th' immortal mind;
I hear, with mingled music from on high,
Reason announce, "Altho' they seem to die,
"Not like the blossoms of the woody glade,
"Shall the bright flowers of human-nature fa
"Adorn'd with mercy, piety, and truth,
"They still shall flourish in immortal youth."
Ye flowers of human-nature! at the time
We grieve for worn d---

## PEACE.

Sweet peace, where dost thou dwell? I humbly crave,
Let me once know.
I sought thee in a secret cave,
And ask'd if peace were there,
A hollow wind did seem to answer, no;
Go, seek elsewhere.

I did; and going, did a rainbow note:
Surely, thought I,
This is the lace of peace's coat:
I will search out the matter.
But while I look'd, the clouds immediately
Did break and scatter.

Then went I to a garden, and did spy
A gallant flower,
The crown imperial: sure, said I,
Peace at the root must dwell.
But when I digg'd, I saw a worm devour
What shew'd so well.

At length I met a rev'rend good old man:
Whom when for peace
I did demand, he thus began;
There was a prince of old

His life from foes,
But after death out of his
There sprang twelv
Which many wond'ring at, got
To plant and set.

It prosper'd strangely, and did
Though all the earth
For they that taste it do re
That virtues lie the
A secret virtue, bringing peace
By flight of sin.

Take of this grain, which in my
And grows for you:
Make bread of it; and that
And peace, which e
With so much earnestness you d
Is only there.

## ON INDUSTRY.

Queen of all virtues! for whate'er we call
Godlike and great, 'tis thou obtain'st it all.
No task too arduous for thy strong essay,
And art and nature own thy potent sway.
Inspir'd by thee to each superior aim,
We press with ardour thro' the paths of fame,
Up to the sacred top, and leave behind
Th' inglorious crowd, the herd of human kind;
While wisdom round us pours her heavenly ray,
And old experience guides our steady way.
No anxious care, no furious lusts controul
The free habitual vigour of the soul.
Each part, each station gracefully we fill,
And bend and shape our fortune to our will.
The hero, down thro' ev'ry age renown'd,
With triumph, praise, and glorious titles crown'd,
By thee has gain'd his honourable spoils,
And mighty fame atchiev'd by mighty toils.
The sage, whilst learning studious he pursues,
By thee the stubborn sciences subdues;
Thro' truth's wide fields expatiates unconfin'd,
And stores for ever his capacious mind.
Nor seek the lower ranks thy aid in vain;
The poor mechanic and the lab'ring swain:

Then i[illegible] peace and c[illegible]
Their recollecting thought
A well-plann'd life in virtuous
If useful we have pass'd thro' e
And paid our debt of service to
If still we've made our duty our
Nor hid our master's talent from
All 's well, 'tis all by our own he
From hence we pass, by God and
Cheerful we pass, to heaven's hig
And leave a blessed memory behi

## PARAPHRASE OF THE L
## PRAYER.

Father, ador'd in world[illegible]

O let us in thy kindness share,
As fellow-men of ours partake.

Evils beset us ev'ry hour!
Thy kind protection we implore:
Thine is the kingdom, thine the power;
Be thine the glory evermore!

## GOD THE ETERNAL SOVEREIGN.

This earthly globe, the creature of a day,
Tho' built by *God's* right hand, must pass away;
And long oblivion creep o'er mortal things,
The fate of empires, and the pride of kings:
Eternal night shall veil their proudest story,
And drop the curtain o'er all human glory.

The sun himself, with gath'ring clouds oppress,
Shall in his silent, dark pavilion rest;
His golden urn shall break, and useless lie,
Amidst the common ruins of the sky;
The stars rush headlong in the wild commotion,
And bathe their glitt'ring foreheads in the ocean.

He dwells within his own unfathom'd essenc
And fills all space with his unbounded prese

But oh! our highest notes the theme debi
And silence is our least injurious praise:
Cease, cease your songs, the daring flight
trol;
Revere him in the stillness of the soul:
With silent duty meekly bend before him,
And deep within your inmost hearts adore h

## THE GRAVE.

" *The house appointed for all living.*" 101

Th' appointed place of rendezvous, where all
These trav'llers meet. Thy succours I implore,
Eternal King, whose potent arms sustains
The keys of hell and death. The grave, dread thing!
Men shiver when thou'rt nam'd: nature appall'd
Shakes off her wonted firmness. Ah! how dark
Thy long-extended realms, and rueful wastes;
Where nought but silence reigns, and night, dark night,
Dark as was chaos ere the infant sun
Was roll'd together, or had tried its beams
Athwart the gloom profound! The sickly taper,
By glimm'ring thro' thy low brow'd misty vaults,
Furr'd round with mouldy damps, and ropy slime,
Lets fall a supernumerary horror,
And only serves to make thy night more irksome.
Well do I know thee by thy trusty yew,
Cheerless, unsocial plant! That loves to dwell
'Midst sculls and coffins, epitaphs and worms;
Where light-heel'd ghosts and visionary shades,
Beneath the wan cold moon (as fame reports)
Embodied thick, perform their mystic rounds.
No other merriment, dull tree! is thine.
See yonder hallow'd fane! the pious work
Of names once fam'd, now dubious or forgot,
And buried 'midst the wreck of things which were:
There lie interr'd the more illustrious dead.
The wind is up: hark! how it howls! methinks

Till now, I never heard a sound so dreary:
Doors creak, and windows clap, and night's foul bird
Rook'd in the spire screams loud; the gloomy aisles
Black plaster'd and hung round with shreds of scutcheons,
And tatter'd coats of arms, send back the sound
Laden with heavier airs, from the low vaults,
The mansions of the dead. Rous'd from their slumbers,
In grim array the grisly spectres rise,
Grin horrible, and obstinately sullen
Pass and repass, hush'd as the foot of night.
Again! the screech-owl shrieks: ungracious sound!
I'll hear no more; it makes one's blood run chill.
Quite round the pile, a row of rev'rend elms,
Coæval near with that, all ragged shew,
Long lash'd by the rude winds: some rift half down
Their branchless trunks; others so thin a-top,
That scarce two crows could lodge in the same tree.
Strange things, the neighbours say, have happen'd here:
Wild shrieks have issued from the hollow tombs;
Dead men have come again, and walk'd about;
And the great bell has toll'd, unrung, untouch'd.
Such tales their cheer, at wake or gossipping,
When it draws near to witching time of night.
Oft in the lone church-yard at night I've seen,

By glimpse of moonshine, chequering thro' the trees,
The school-boy, with his satchel in his hand,
Whistling aloud to bear his courage up,
And lightly tripping o'er the long flat stones,
(With nettles skirted, and with moss o'ergrown,)
That tell in homely phrase who lie below;
Sudden he starts! and hears, or *thinks* he hears,
The sound of something purring at his heels;
Full fast he flies, and dares not look behind him,
Till, out of breath, he overtakes his fellows,
Who gather round, and wonder at the tale
Of horrid apparition, tall and ghastly,
That walks at dead of night, or takes his stand
O'er some new-open'd grave; and, (strange to tell!)
Evanishes at crowing of the cock.

The new-made widow, too, I've sometimes spy'd
Sad sight! slow moving o'er the prostrate dead:
Listless, she crawls along in doleful black,
While bursts of sorrow gush from either eye,
Fast-falling down her now untasted cheek.
Prone on the lowly grave of the dear man
She droops; whilst busy meddling memory,
In barbarous succession, musters up
The past endearments of their softer hours,
Tenacious of its theme  Still, still she thinks
She sees him, and indulging the fond thought,
Clings yet more closely to the senseless turf,
Nor heeds the passenger who looks that way.

Invidious grave!—how dost thou rend in sunder
Whom love has knit, and sympathy made one?

A tie more stubborn far than nature's band.
Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul!
Sweet'ner of life, and solder of society,
I owe thee much. Thou hast deserved from me,
Far, far beyond what I can ever pay.
Oft have I prov'd the labours of thy love,
And the warm efforts of the gentle heart,
Anxious to please.—O! when my friend and I
In some thick wood have wander'd heedless on,
Hid from the vulgar eye, and sat us down
Upon the sloping cowslip-cover'd bank,
Where the pure limpid stream has slid along;
In grateful errors thro' the underwood,
Sweet murmuring; methought the shrill tongu'd thrush
Mended his song of love; the sooty blackbird
Mellow'd his pipe, and soften'd ev'ry note:
The eglantine smell'd sweeter, and the rose
Assum'd a dye more deep; whilst ev'ry flower
Vy'd with its fellow-plant in luxury
Of dress——Oh! then the longest summer's day
Seem'd too, too much in haste: still the full heart
Had not imparted half; 'twas happiness
Too exquisite to last. Of joys departed,
Not to return, how painful the remembrance!
Dull grave!—thou spoil'st the dance of youthful blood,
Strik'st out the dimple from the cheek of mirth,
And ev'ry smirking feature from the face;
Branding out laughter with the name of madness.

Where are the jesters now? the man of health,
Complexionally pleasant? where the droll,
Whose ev'ry look and gesture was a joke
To clapping theatres and shouting crouds,
And made ev'n thick-lipp'd musing melancholy
To gather up her face into a smile
Before she was aware? ah! sullen now,
And dumb as the green turf that covers them!
Where are the mighty thunderbolts of war?
The Roman Cæsars, and the Grecian chiefs,
The boast of story? where the hot-brain'd youth,
Who the Tiara at his pleasure tore
From kings of all the then discover'd globe,
And cry'd, forsooth, because his arm was hamper'd,
And had not room enough to do its work?
Alas! how slim, dishonourably slim,
And cram'd into a space we blush to name!
Proud royalty! how alter'd in thy looks!
How blank thy features, and how wan thy hue!
Son of the morning, whither art thou gone?
Where hast thou hid thy many-spangled head,
And the majestic menace of thine eyes
Felt from afar? pliant and powerless now,
Like new-born infant bound up in his swathes,
Or victim tumbled flat upon his back,
That throbs beneath the sacrificer's knife.
Mute, must thou bear the strife of little tongues,
And coward insults of the base-born crowd,
That grudge a privilege thou never hadst,
But only hop'd for in the peaceful grave,

O! cruel irony! these come too fa
And only mock whom they were mea
Surely, there's not a dungeon-slave
In the highway, unshrouded and unc
But lies as soft, and sleeps as sound,
Sorry pre-eminence of high descent,
Above the vulgar-born, to rot in stat
But see! the well-plum'd hearse
ing on
Stately and slow; and properly att
By the whole sable tribe, that painfi
The sick man's door, and live upon
By letting out their persons by the h
To mimic sorrow, when the heart's n
How rich the trappings! now they'r
And glittering in the sun; triumpha
Of conquerors, and coronation pomp
In glory scarce exceed. Great glut
Retard th' unwieldly show: whilst
ments,

Why is the *principal* conceal'd, for which
You make this mighty stir?—'Tis wisely done:
What would offend the eye in a good picture,
The painter casts discreetly into shades.
Proud *lineage*, now how little thou appear'st!
Below the envy of the private man!
Honour, that meddlesome, officious ill,
Pursues thee e'en to death; nor there stops short.
Strange persecution, when the grave itself
Is no protection from rude sufferance.
Absur'd! to think to over-reach the grave!
And from the wreck of names to rescue ours.
The best concerted schemes men lay for fame
Die fast away; only *themselves* die faster.
The far-fam'd sculptor, and the laurell'd bard,
Those bold insurers of eternal fame,
Supply their little feeble aids in vain.
The tapering pyramid, th' Ægyptian's pride,
And wonder of the world, whose spiky top
Has wounded the thick cloud, and long outliv'd
The angry shaking of the winter's storm:
Yet spent at last by th' injuries of heaven,
Shatter'd with age, and furrow'd o'er with years,
The mystic cone with hieroglyphics crusted,
Gives way. Oh! lamentable sight! at once
The labour of whole ages tumbles down,
A hideous and mishapen length of ruins.
Sepuchral columns wrestle but in vain
With all-subduing time; her cank'ring hand
With calm, delib'rate malice wasteth them:

of her folly,
Hangs down the head, and reddens at the
Here all the mighty *troublers of the eart*
Who swam to sov'reign rule thro' seas of l
Th' oppressive, sturdy, man-destroying vil
Who ravag'd kingdoms, and laid empires
And, in a cruel wantonness of power,
Thinn'd states of half their people, and ga
To want the rest; now, like a storm that's s
Lie hush'd, and meanly sneak behind the c
Vain thought! to hide them from the genera
That haunts and dogs them like an injured
Implacable.—Here too, the *petty tyrant*,
Whose scant domains geographer ne'er not
And, well for neighbouring grounds, of a
short,
Who fix'd his iron talons on the poor,
And grip'd them like some lordly beast of
Deaf to the forceless cries of gnawing hung
And piteous plaintive voice of misery

Grossly familiar, side by side consume.
When self-esteem, or other's adulation,
Would cunningly persuade us we were something
Above the common level of our kind;
The grave gainsays the smooth-complexion'd flattery,
And with blunt truth acquaints us what we are.
*Beauty*—thou pretty plaything, dear deceit!
That steals so softly o'er the stripling's heart,
And gives it a new pulse unknown before!
The grave discredits thee: thy charms expung'd,
Thy roses faded, and thy lilies soil'd,
What hast thou more to boast of? will thy lovers
Flock round thee now, to gaze and do thee homage?
Methinks I see thee with thy head low-laid,
Whilst surfeited upon thy damask cheek
The high-fed worm, in lazy volumes roll'd,
Riots unscar'd.—For *this* was all thy caution!
For this thy painful labours at thy glass,
T' improve those charms, and keep them in repair,
For which the spoiler thanks thee not? foul feeder!
Coarse fare and carrion please thee full as well,
And leave as keen a relish on the sense.
Look how the fair-one weeps!—the conscious tears
Stand thick as dew-drops on the bells of flowers:
Honest effusion! the swoln heart in vain
Works hard to put a gloss on its distress.
*Strength* too—thou surely and less gentle boast
Of those that laugh loud at the village ring!
A fit of common sickness pulls thee down,

with anguish heavy laden.—Let me
From yonder bed it comes, where the
By stronger arm belabour'd, gasps fo
Like a hard-hunted beast. How his
Beats thick! his roomy breast by far
To give the lungs full play.—What n
The strong-built sinewy limbs, and
shoulders!
See how he tugs for life, and lays abo
Mad with his pains!—eager he catch
Of what comes next to hand, and gra
Just like a creature drowning; hideou
Oh! how his eyes stand out and stare fi
Whilst the distemper's rank and deadl
Shoots like a burning arrow cross his b
And drinks his marrow up.—Heard
groan?
It was his last.—See how the great Go
Just like a child that brawl'd itself to
Lies still —What mean'st thou then,

With *study* pale, and midnight vigils spent,
The star-surveying *sage* close to his eye
Applies the sight-invirogating tube,
And trav'lling through the boundless length of space,
Marks well the courses of the far-seen orbs
That rôll with regular confusion there,
In ecstacy of thought. But ah! proud man!
Great heights are hazardous to the weak head!
Soon, very soon, thy firmest footing fails;
And down thou dropp'st into that darksome place,
Where nor device nor knowledge ever came.
Here the *tongue-warrior* lies! disabled now,
Disarm'd, dishonour'd, like a wretch that's gagg'd,
And cannot tell his ails to passers-by.
Great man of language! whence this mighty change;
This dumb despair, and drooping of the head?
Tho' strong persuasion hung upon thy lip,
And sly insinuation's softer arts
In ambush lay upon thy flowing tongue;
Alas! how chop-fall'n now! thick mists and silence
Rest, like a weary cloud, upon thy breast
Unceasing—Ah! where is the lifted arm,
The strength of action, and the force of words,
The well-turn'd period, and the well-tun'd voice,
With all the lesser ornaments of phrase?
Ah! fled for ever, as they ne'er had been;
Raz'd from the book of fame; or, more provoking,
Perhaps some hackney, hunger-bitten scribbler

Insults thy memory, and blots thy tomb
With long flat narrative, or duller rhymes,
With heavy halting pace that drawl along;
Enough to rouse a dead man into rage,
And warm with red resentment the wan cheek.
Here the great masters of the healing-art,
These mighty mock defrauders of the tomb,
Spite of their julep and catholicons,
Resign to fate.—Proud Æsculapius' son!
Where are thy boasted implements of art,
And all thy well-cramm'd magazines of health?
Nor hill, nor vale, as far as ships could go,
Nor margin of the gravel-bottom'd brook,
Escap'd thy rifling hand:—from stubborn shrubs
Thou wrung'st their shy-retiring virtues out,
And vex'd them in the fire; nor fly, nor insect,
Nor writhy snake, escap'd thy deep research.
But why this apparatus? why this cost?
Tell us, thou doughty keeper from the grave,
Where are thy recipes and cordials now,
With the long list of vouchers for thy cures?
Alas! thou speak'st not. The bold impostor
Looks not more silly when the cheat's found out.
Here the lank-sided miser, worst of felons,
Who meanly stole (discreditable shift)
From back and belly too, their proper cheer,
Eas'd of a tax it irk'd the wretch to pay
To his own carcase, now lies cheaply lodg'd,
By clam'rous appetites no longer teaz'd,
Nor tedious bills of charges and repairs.

But, ah! where are his rents, his comings-in?
Ay! now you've made the rich man poor indeed!
Robb'd of his gods, what has he left behind?
Oh, cursed lust of gold! when for thy sake
The fool throws up his int'rest in both worlds:
First starv'd in this, then damn'd in that to come.
How shocking must thy summons be, O death!
To him that is at ease in his possessions;
Who, counting on long years of pleasure here,
Is quite unfurnish'd for that world to come!
In that dread moment, how the frantic soul
Raves round the walls of her clay tenement;
Runs to each avenue, and shrieks for help,
But shrieks in vain!—how wishfully she looks
On all she's leaving, now no longer her's!
A little longer, yet a little longer,
Oh! might she stay to wash away her stains,
And fit her for her passage.—Mournful sight!
Her very eyes weep blood; and every groan
She heaves is big with horror.—But the foe,
Like a staunch murd'rer, steady to his purpose,
Pursues her close through every lane of life,
Nor misses once the track, but presses on;
Till forc'd at last to the tremendous verge,
At once she sinks to everlasting ruin.
Sure, 'tis a serious thing to die! my soul!
What a strange moment must it be, when near
Thy journey's end, thou hast the gulf in view!
That awful gulf, no mortal e'er repass'd
To tell what's doing on the other side!

Nature runs back, and shudders at the sight,
And ev'ry life-string bleeds at thoughts of parting;
For part they must; body and soul must part:
Fond couple! link'd more close than wedded pair.
*This* wings its way to its Almighty source,
The witness of its actions, now its judge!
*That* drops into the dark and noisome grave,
Like a disabled pitcher of no use.

## PART II.

If death was nothing, and nought after death;
If, when men died, at once they ceas'd to be,
Returning to the barren womb of nothing,
Whence first they sprung, then might the debauchee
Untrembling mouth the heavens:—then might the drunkard
Reel over his full bowl, and, when 'tis drain'd,
Fill up another to the brim, and laugh
At the poor bugbear death: then might the wretch
That's weary of the world, and tir'd of life,
At once give each inquietude the slip,
By stealing out of being when he pleas'd,
And by what way, whether by hemp or steel:
Death's thousand doors stand open. Who could force

The ill-pleas'd guest to sit out his full time,
Or blame him if he goes?—Sure, he does well,
That helps himself as timely as he can,
When able —But if there is an *hereafter*,
And that there is, conscience, uninfluenc'd,
And suffer'd to speak out, tells ev'ry man,
Then must it be an awful thing to die:
More horrid yet to die by one's own hand.
Self-murder!—name it not: our island's shame;
That makes her the reproach of neighbouring states.
Shall nature, swerving from her earliest dictate,
Self-preservation, fall by her own act?
Forbid it, heaven!—Let not, upon disgust,
The shameless hand be foully crimson'd o'er
With blood of its own lord.—Dreadful attempt!
Just reeking from self-slaughter, in a rage
To rush into the presence of our judge!
As if we challeng'd him to do his worst,
And matter'd not his wráth.—Unheard-of tortures
Must be reserv'd for such: these herd together;
The common damn'd shun their society,
And look upon themselves as fiends less foul.
Our time is fix'd, and all our days are number'd;
How long, how short, we know not:—this we know,
Duty requires we calmly wait the summons,
Nor dare to stir till Heav'n shall give permission:
Like sentries that must keep their destin'd stand,
And wait th' appointed hour, till they're reliev'd.

Those only are the brave who keep their ground,
And keep it to the last. To run away
Is but a coward's trick. To run away
From this world's ills, that, at the very worst
Will soon blow o'er, thinking to mend ourselves,
By boldly vent'ring on a world unknown,
And plunging headlong in the dark;—'tis mad;
No frenzy half so desperate as this.
Tell us, ye dead; will none of you, in pity
To those you left behind, disclose the secret?
Oh! that some courteous ghost would blab it out;
What 'tis you are, and we must shortly be.
I've heard, that souls departed have sometimes
Forewarn'd men of their death:—'Twas kindly done
To knock, and give th' alarm.—But what means
This stinted charity?—'Tis but lame kindness
That does its work by halves.—Why might you not
Tell us what 'tis to die?—Do the strict laws
Of your society forbid your speaking
Upon a point so nice?—I'll ask no more:
Sullen like lamps in sepulchres, your shine
Enlightens but yourselves.—Well—'tis no matter:
A very little time will clear up all,
And make us learn'd as you are, and as close.
Death's shafts fly thick! here falls the village swain,
And there his pamper'd lord. The cup goes round,

And who so artful as to put it by!
'Tis long since death had the majority;
Yet, strange! the living lay it not to heart.
See yonder maker of the dead man's bed,
The sexton, hoary-headed chronicle,
Of hard unmeaning face, down which ne'er stole
A gentle tear, with mattock in his hand,
Digs thro' whole rows of kindred and acquaintance,
By far his juniors! Scarce a scull's cast up,
But well he knew its owner, and can tell
Some passage of his life.—Thus, hand in hand
The sot has walk'd with death twice twenty years,
And yet ne'er Younker on the green laughs louder,
Or clubs a smuttier tale:—When drunkards meet,
None sings a merrier catch, or lends a hand
More willing to his cup.—Poor wretch! he minds
not,
That soon some trusty brother of the trade
Shall do for him, what he has done for thousands.
On this side, and on that, men see their friends
Drop off, like leaves in autumn; yet launch out
Into fantastic schemes, which three long livers
In the world's hale and undegenerate days
Could scarce have leisure for.—Fools that we are,
Never to think of death and of ourselves
At the same time: as if to learn to die
Were no concern of ours.—Oh! more than sottish,
For creatures of a day in gamesome mood,
To frolic on eternity's dread brink
Unapprehensive; when, for aught we know,

The very first swoln surge shall sweep us in.
Think we, or think we not, time hurries on
With a resistless, unremitting stream;
Yet treads more soft than e'er did midnight thief,
That slides his hand under the miser's pillow,
And carries off his prize —What is this world?
What, but a spacious burial-field unwall'd,
Strew'd with death's spoils, the spoils of animals
Savage and tame, and full of dead men's bones.
The very turf on which we tread once liv'd;
And we that live must lend our carcases
To cover our own offspring; in their turns,
They, too, must cover theirs.—'Tis here all meet;
The shiv'ring Icelander and the sun-burnt Moor;
Men of all climes, that never met before;
And of all creeds, the Jew, the Turk, the Christian.
Here the proud prince, and favourite yet prouder,
His sov'reign's keeper, and the people's scourge,
Are huddled out of sight.—Here lie abash'd
The great negotiators of the earth,
And celebrated masters of the balance,
Deep read in stratagems and wiles of courts;
Now vain their treaty-skill.—Death scorns to treat.
Here the o'erloaded slave flings down his burthen
From his gall'd shoulders;—and when the cruel tyrant,
*With all his guards* and tools of power about him,
*Is meditating* new unheard-of hardships

Mocks his short arm;—and quick as thought escapes,
Where tyrants vex not, and the weary rest.
Here the warm lover, leaving the cool shade,
The tell-tale echo, and the babbling stream,
(Time out of mind the fav'rite seats of love)
Fast by his gentle mistress lays him down
Unblasted by foul tongue.—Here friends and foes
Lie close, unmindful of their former feuds.
The lawn-rob'd prelate, and plain presbyter,
Ere-while that stood aloof, as shy to meet,
Familiar mingle here, like sister streams
That some rude interposing rock had split.
Here is the large-limb peasant:—Here the child
Of a span long that never saw the sun,
Nor press'd the nipple, strangled in life's porch.
Here is the mother, with her sons and daughters;
The barren wife and long-demurring maid,
Whose lonely unappropriated sweets
Smil'd like yon knot of cowslips on the cliff,
Not to be come at by the willing hand.
Here are the prude severe, and gay coquette,
The sober widow, and the young green virgin,
Cropp'd like a rose before 'tis fully blown,
Or half its worth disclos'd. Strange medley here!
Here garrullous old age winds up his tale;
And jovial youth of lightsome vacant heart,
Whose every day was made of melody,

The just, the good, the worthless, the p
The downright clown, and perfectly w
The fool, the churl, the scoundrel and
The supple statesman, and the patriot s
The wrecks of nations, and the spoils of
With all the lumber of six thousand yea

Poor man! how happy once in thy fi
When yet but warm from thy great mak
He stamp'd thee with his image, and, wel
Smil'd on his last fair work.—Then all w
Sound was the body, and the soul serene
Like two sweet instruments ne'er out of t
That play their several parts.—Nor he
heart,
Offer'd to ache; nor was there cause they
For all was pure within: no fell remorse,
Nor anxious castings-up of what may be,
Alarm'd his peaceful bosom.—Summer se
Shew not more smooth, when kiss'd by a
wind

Bless'd as the pleasing dreams of holy men;
But fugitive like those, and quickly gone.
Oh! slipp'ry state of things!—What sudden turns!
What strange vicissitudes in the first leaf
Of Man's sad history!—To-day most happy,
And, ere to-morrow's sun has set, most abject!
How scant the space between these vast extremes!
Thus far'd it with our sire:—Not long he enjoy'd
His paradise—Scarce had the happy tenant
Of the fair spot due time to prove its sweets,
Or sum them up, when straight he must be gone,
Ne'er to return again—And must he go?
Can nought compound for the first dire offence
Of erring man?—Like one that is condemn'd,
Fain would he trifle time with idle talk,
And parley with his fate.——But 'tis in vain—
Not all the lavish odours of the place,
Offer'd in incense, can procure his pardon,
Or mitigate his doom.—A mighty angel
With flaming sword forbids his longer stay,
And drives the loit'rer forth; nor must he take
One last and farewel round.—At once he lost
His glory and his God.—If mortal now,
And sorely maim'd, no wonder.—*Man has sinn'd.*
Sick of his bliss, and bent on new adventures,
*Evil* he would needs try, nor try'd in vain.
(Dreadful experiment! destructive measure!
Where the worst thing could happen, is success.)
Alas! too well he sped: the *good* he scorn'd

... the black *daemon*, with his hell-s
Admitted once into its better room,
Grew loud and mutinous, nor would be
Lording it o'er the *man*: who now too
Saw the rash error which he could not r
An error fatal not to him alone,
But to his future sons, his fortune's heir
Inglorious bondage!—Human nature g
Beneath a vassalage so vile and cruel,
And its vast body bleeds thro' every ve
What havoc hast thou made, foul mon
Greatest and first of ills!—The fruitful f
Of woes of all dimensions!—But for *thee*
Sorrow had never been.—All-noxious thi
Of vilest nature!—Other sorts of evils
Are kindly circumscrib'd, and have their
The fierce *Volcano*, from his burning entra
That belches molten stone, and globes of
Involv'd in pitchy clouds of smoke and st
Mars the adjacent fields for some league

Entire mankind; and for their sakes defacing
A whole creation's beauty with rude hands;
Blasting the fruitful grain, the loaded branches,
And marking all along its way with ruin.
Accursed thing!—Oh! where shall fancy find
A proper name to call thee by, expressive
Of all thy horrors? Pregnant womb of ills!
Of temper so transcendantly malign,
That toads and serpents of most deadly kind,
Compar'd to thee, are harmless.—Sicknesses
Of every size and symptom, racking pains,
And bluest plagues are thine —See how the fiend
Profusely scatters the contagion round!
Whilst deep-mouth'd slaughter, bellowing at her heels,
Wades deep in blood new spilt; yet for to-morrow
Shapes out new work of great uncommon daring,
And inly pines 'till the dread blow is struck.
But hold:—I've gone too far; too much discover'd
My father's nakedness, and nature's shame.—
Here let me pause, and drop an honest tear,
One burst of filial duty and condolance,
O'er all those ample deserts *death* hath spread;
This *chaos* of mankind.—O great *man-eater!*
Whose ev'ry day is *carnival* not sated yet!
Unheard-of *epicure!* without a fellow!
The veriest *gluttons* do not *always* cram;
Some intervals of abstinence are sought
To edge the appetite: *thou* seekest none,

Methinks the countless swarms thou hast devour'd
And thousands that each hour thou gobblest up,
*This*, less than *this*, might gorge thee to the full;
But ah! rapacious still, thou gap'st for more:
Like one, whole days defrauded of his meals,
On whom lank hunger lays her skinny hand,
And whets to keenest eagerness his cravings;
As if diseases, massacres, and poison,
Famine, and war, were not thy caterers.
But know, that thou *must render up thy dead*,
And with high interest too.—They are not thine;
But only in thy keeping for a season,
Till the great promis'd day of restitution;
When loud diffusive sound from brazen trump
Of strong-lung'd cherub shall alarm thy captives,
And rouse the long, long sleepers into life,
Day-light and liberty.——
*Then* must thy gates fly open, and reveal
The mines that lay long forming under ground,
In their dark cells immur'd; but now full ripe,
And pure as silver from the crucible,
That twice has stood the torture of the fire
And inquisition of the forge —We know
Th' illustrious Deliverer of mankind,
*The Son of God*, thee foil'd.—Him in thy pow'r
Thou could'st not hold:—Self-vigorous he rose,
And, shaking off thy fetters, soon retook
The spoils his voluntary yielding lent;
(Sure pledge of our releasement from thy thrall!)
Twice twenty days he sojourn'd here on earth,

And shew'd himself alive to *chosen witnesses*,
By proofs so strong, that the most slow assenting
Had not a scruple left.—This having done,
He mounted up to heav'n.—Methinks I see him
Climb the aerial heights, and glide along
Athwart the severing clouds: but the faint eye,
Flung backward in the chace, soon drops its hold,
Disabled quite, and jaded with pursuing.
Heav'n's portals wide expand to let him in;
Nor are his *friends* shut out: as some great prince
Not for himself alone procures admission,
But for his train.——It was his royal will,
That where he is, there should his *followers* be.
*Death* only lies between —A gloomy path!
Made yet more gloomy by our coward fears:
But not untrod nor tedious; the fatigue
Will soon go off: besides, there's no *by*-road
To bliss.—Then why, like ill-condition'd children,
Start we at transient hardships in the way
That leads to purer air and softer skies,
And a ne'er-setting sun?—Fools that we are!
We wish to be where sweets unwith'ring bloom;
But strait our wish revoke, and will not go.
So have I seen upon a summer's even,
Fast by a riv'let's brink a youngster play:
How wishfully he looks to stem the tide!
This moment resolute, next unresolv'd:
At last he dips his foot; but as he dips,
His fears redouble, and he runs away
From th' inoffensive stream, unmindful now

Of all the flow'rs that paint the farther bank,
And smil'd so sweet of late!—Thrice welcome
*Death!*
That after many a painful bleeding step
Conducts us to our home, and lands us safe
On the long-wish'd for shore.—Prodigious change!
Our bane turn'd to a blessing!—*Death* disarm'd,
Loses his fellness quite.—All thanks to Him
Who scourg'd the venom out.—Sure *the last end*
Of the good man is *peace*.—How calm is *exit!*
Night-dews fall not more gently to the ground,
Nor weary worn-out winds expire so soft.
Behold him! in the evening tide of life,
A life well-spent, whose early care it was
His riper years should not upbraid his green:
By unperceiv'd degrees he wears away;
Yet, like the sun, seems larger at his setting:
(High in his faith and hopes) look how he
reaches
After the prize in view! and, like a bird
That's hamper'd, struggles hard to get away:
Whilst the glad gates of sight are wide expanded
To let new glories in, the first fair fruits
Of the vast-coming harvest!—*Then!* oh, *then!*
Each earth-born joy grows vile, or disappears,
Shrunk to a thing of nought.—Oh! how he longs
To have his passport sign'd, and be dismiss'd!
*'Tis done!* and now he's happy!—The glad *soul*
*Has not a wish* uncrown'd.—Ev'n the lag flesh
*Rests too in hope* of meeting once again

Its better half, never to sunder more:
Nor shall it hope in vain,—The time draws on
When not a single spot of burial-earth,
Whether on land, or in the spacious sea,
But must give back its long-committed dust
Inviolate:—and faithfully shall these
Make up the full account; not the least atom
Embezzled or mislaid, of the whole tale.
Each *soul* shall have a *body* ready-furnish'd;
And each shall have his own.—Hence, ye profane!
Ask not, how this can be?—Sure the same pow'r
That rear'd the piece at first, and took it down,
Can re-assemble the loose scatter'd parts,
And put them as they were.—Almighty God
Has done much more; nor is his arm impair'd
Through length of days: and what he can he *will:*
His faithfulness stands bound to see it done.
When the dread trumpet sounds, the slumb'ring dust
(Not unattentive to the call) shall wake;
And ev'ry joint possess its proper place,
With a new elegance of form, unknown
To its *first* state.—Nor shall the conscious *soul*
Mistake its partner, but amidst the crowd,
Singling its other half, into its arms
Shall rush, with all th' impatience of a man
That's new come home, who, having long been absent,
With haste runs over ev'ry different room,

... the grass our bed, and then ar
Thus, at the shut at even, the weary bi
Leaves the wide air, and in some lonely h
Cow'rs down, and doses till the dawn of d
Then claps his well-fledg'd wings, and bear

## THE GRAVE.

Sigh not, ye winds, as passing o'er
The chambers of the dead ye fly;
Weep not, ye dews, for these no more
Shall ever weep, shall ever sigh.

Why mourn the throbbing heart at rest?
How still it lies within the breast;

Sigh not, ye winds, as passing o'er
The chambers of the dead you fly;
Weep not, ye dews, for these no more
Shall ever weep, shall ever sigh.

## PARAPHRASE

*Of the 63d chapter of Isaiah to the 6th verse.*

## A PINDARIQUE ODE.

Strange scene of glory! am I well awake;
Or is't my fancy's wild mistake?
It cannot be a dream, bright beams of light
Flow from the visions face, and pierce my tender sight.
No common vision this, I see
Some marks of more than human Majesty.
Who is this mighty Hero, who?
With glories round his head, and terror in his brow?
From Bozrah lo he comes, a scarlet die
O'erspreads his cloaths, and does outvie
The blushes of the morning sky.
Triumphant and victorious he appears,
And honour in his looks and habit wears;

'Tis I who to my promise faithful stand
I who the powers of death, hell, and th
Have foil'd with this all-conquerin
I who most ready am, and mighty too t

Why wear'st thou then this scarlet
Say, mighty Hero, why?
Why do thy garments look all red
Like them that in the wine-fat tre
The wine-press I alone have trod,
That vast unwieldly frame, which long
Unmov'd, and which no mortal force
command,
That ponderous mass I ply'd alon
And with me to assist were none;
A mighty task it was, worthy the Son o
Angels stood trembling at the dreadful
Concern'd with what success I should g
The work I undertook to do;
Inrag'd I put forth all my might

The day, the signal day is come
When of my enemies I must vengeance take;
The day when death shall have its doom,
And the dark kingdom with its powers shall shake.
Fate in her calendar mark'd out this day with red,
She folded down the iron leaf, and thus she said,
This day, if ought I can divine be true,
Shall for a signal victory
Be celebrated to posterity:
Then shall the Prince of light descend,
And rescue mortals from th' infernal fiend,
Break through his strongest forts, and all his host subdue.
This said, she shut the adamantine volume close,
And wish'd she might the crouding years transpose;
So much she long to have the scene display,
And see the vast event of this important day.

And now in midst of the revolving years,
This great, this mighty one appears:
The faithful traveller the sun
Has number'd out the days, and the set period run.
I look'd and to assist was none,
My angelick guards stood trembling by,
But durst not venture nigh:
In vain too from my Father did I look
For help, my Father me forsook
Amaz'd I was to see
How all deserted me,
I took my fury for my sole support

... to an higher pitch of joy and love,
The great Jehovah prais'd, and his victorious

## INVITATION OF MERCY.

Come! said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come and make my paths your choice;
I will guide you to your home;
Weary pilgrim, hither come!

Thou, who houseless, sole forlorn,
Long hast born the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roam'd the barren waste
Weary pilgrim, hither haste!

Here repose your heavy care:
A wounded spirit who can bear?

Sinner, come! for here is found
Balm that flows for ev'ry wound!
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred sure.

## CONTEMPLATION OF THE WORKS OF NATURE.

Eternal wisdom! thee we praise,
Thee the creation sings;
With thy great name, rocks, hills, and seas,
And heav'n's high palace rings.

How wide thy hand hath spread the sky!
How glorious to behold,
Ting'd with a blue of heav'nly die,
And starr'd with sparkling gold!

There thou hast bid the globes of light
Their endless circles run;
The paler planet rules the night,
The day obeys the sun.

Thy num'rous glories show.

The noisy winds stand ready the
Thine orders to obey;
With sounding wings they sweep
To make thy chariot way.

The rolling mountains of the deep
Obey thy stern command;
Thy breath can raise the billows st
Or sink them on the sand.

Thy glories blaze all nature round;
And strike the gazing sight,
Thro' skies, and seas, and solid grou
With terror and delight.

But the mild glories of the *Lord*,
Our softer passions move;
Thy grace and pity in

## ON THE DECAY OF HUMANKIND.

Behold that tree, in autumn's dim decay,
Stript by the frequent, chill, and eddying wind;
Where yet some yellow, lonely leaves we find
Lingering and trembling on the naked spray,
Twenty, perchance, for millions whirl'd away!
Emblem, alas! too just of humankind!
Vain man expects longevity, design'd
For few indeed; and their protracted day
What is it worth that wisdom does not scorns?
The blasts of sickness, care, and grief appal,
That laid the friends in dust, whose natal morn
Rose near their own;—and solemn is the call;—.
Yet, like those weak, deserted leaves forlorn,
Shivering they cling to life, and fear to fall!

## THE DYING SAINT.

When life's tempestuous storms are o'er;
How calm he meets the friendly shore,
Who liv'd averse to sin,
Such peace on virtue's path attends,
That where the sinner's pleasure ends,
The good man's joys begin.

He joins with them to praise the Go
Who taught him how to die.

The horrors of the grave and hell,
Those horrors which the wicked feel
In vain their gloom display;
For he who bids yon comet burn,
Or makes the night descend, can tu
Their darkness into day.

No sorrow drowns his lifted eyes,
No horror rests the struggling sighs,
As from the sinner's breast,
His God, the God of peace and lov
Pours kindly solace from above,
And heals his soul with rest.

O grant, my Saviour, and my friend
Such joys may gild my peaceful en
And calm my evening close;

## A WISH.

Whatever blessing you my life deny,
Grant me, kind Heaven, this one thing when I die.
I charge thee guardian spirit hear,
And as thou lov'st me, further this my prayer.

When I'm to leave this grosser sphere, and try
Death, that amazing curiosity,
When just about to breathe my last.
Then when no mortal joy can strike my taste:

Let me soft melting strains of music hear,
Whose dying sounds may speak death to my ear;
Gently the bands of life unty,
Till in sweet raptures I dissolve and die.

How soft and easy my new birth will be
Help'd on my music's gentle midwifery!
And I who 'midst these charms expire,
Shall bring a soul well tun'd to Heaven's quire.

## MESSIAH.

### *A Sacred Eclogue.*

Ye nymphs of Solyma! begin the so
To heav'nly themes sublimer strains
The mossy fountains, and the sylvan
The dreams of Pindus, and th' Aonian
Delight no more—O thou my voice in
Who touch'd Isaiah's hollow'd lips wi
Rapt into future times, the bard beg
A virgin shall conceive, a virgin bear
From Jesse's root behold a branch ari
Whose sacred flow'r with fragrance fill
Th' æthereal spirit o'er its leaves shall
And on its top descends the mystic do
Ye heav'ns! from high the dewy nect
And in soft silence shed the kindly sho
The sick and weak the healing plant

See nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
With all the incense of the breathing spring;
See lofty Lebanon his head advance,
See nodding forests on the mountains dance;
See spicy clouds from lowly Saron rise,
And Carmel's flow'ry top perfumes the skies!
Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers!
Prepare the way! a God, a God appears!
A God! a God! the vocal hills reply,
The rocks proclaim th' approaching deity.
Lo, earth receives him from the bending skies!
Sink down, ye mountains, and ye vallies, rise;
With heads declin'd, ye cedars, homage pay;
Be smooth, ye rocks; ye rapid floods, give way!
The Saviour comes! by ancient bards foretold;
Hear him, ye deaf, and, all ye blind, behold!
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day;
'Tis he th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear:
The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
No sigh, no murmur the wide world shall hear,
From ev'ry face he wipes off ev'ry tear.
In adamantine chains shall death be bound,
And hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.
As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freshest pasture, and the purest air,
Explores the lost, the wand'ring sheep directs,
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects;

No more shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'e
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more ;
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad faulchion in a plough-share en
Then palaces shall rise; the joyful son
Shall finish what his short-liv'd sire begun ;
Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
And the same hand that sow'd, shall reap the fi
The swain in barren deserts with surprise
Sees lillies spring, and sudden verdure rise;
And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds to hear
New falls of water murm'ring in his ear.
On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nod
Waste sandy vallies, once perplex'd with thor
The spiry fir and shapely box adorn :
To leafless shrubs the flow'ring palms succeed,

The smiling infant in his hand shall take
The crested basilisk and the speckled snake;
Pleas'd the green lustre of their scales survey,
And with their forky tongue shall innocently play.
Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise!
Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thine eyes!
See, a long race thy spacious courts adorn:
See future sons and daughters, yet unborn,
In crouding ranks on ev'ry side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies!
See barb'rous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temples bend;
See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,
And heap'd with products of Sabæan springs!
For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
And seeds of gold in Ophirs' mountains glow.
See heav'n its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day.
No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,
Nor ev'ning Cynthia fill her silver horn;
But lost, dissolv'd in thy superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
O'erflow thy courts: the Light himself shall shine
Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine!
The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fix'd his word, his saving power remains:
Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own *Messiah* reigns!

*author left*

## THE FOLLOWING V

*In the room where he sl*

O thou dread Power, who reign
I know thou wilt me hear;
When for this scene of peace an
I make my prayer sincere.

The hoary sire—the mortal strok
Long, long, be pleas'd to spar
To bless his little filial flock,
And show what good men are.

She, who her lovely offspring eye
With tender hopes and fears,
O, bless her with a mother's

The beauteous, seraph, sister-band,
With earnest tears I pray,
Thou know'st the snares on every hand,
Guide thou their steps alway.

When soon or late they reach that coast,
O'er life's rough ocean driv'n,
May they rejoice, no wanderer lost,
A family in Heav'n!

## THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

Vital spark of heav'nly flame!
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame:
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying;
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

Hark! they whisper; angels say,
Sister spirit, come away.
What is this absorbs me quite!
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul can this be death?

...send your wings! I mo
O grave! where is thy victor
O death! where is thy stin

## TO MARY IN HEAVEN

Thou lingering star, with lessening ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his
That sacred hour can I forget.
Can I

Ayr gurgling kiss'd his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thickening, green;
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
Twin'd amorous round the raptur'd scene.
The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on every spray,
Till too, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.
Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care;
Time but the' impression deeper makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary, dear departed shade!
Where is thy blissful place of rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

## MUTABILITY OF HUMAN LIFE.

My friend, forbear th' unmanly cry,
Nor let thy bosom heave the sigh,
Nor cloud thy looks with woe,
If Phœbus' rays should be restrain'd,
And fortune from her fickle hand
Some luckless die should throw.

But, ere the morn her sway rest
Zephyr shall wave his silken plu
And gen'ral peace restore.

The sun, that sunk with clouds o
To-morrow rising in the east,
In his full flame shall glow.
Griefs and gay smiles alternate ri
Joy wipes the dew-drop from our
And transports tread on woe.

Danger and disappointment wait,
To burst in sudden storms of fate,
Where hope's proud progress ro
Thus 'tis decreed, 'till time's last d
Shall sweep this phantom-world aw
And rest our tossing souls.

He, who last night his oxen drove,
To-day to Rome make his --

But, when the morning came,
He, by the senate's suff'rage rais'd
In highest rank of glory blaz'd,
And realms rever'd his name.

Should fortune, who delights to twine
A sable with a silver line,
Assume a diff'rent thread,
He, a poor swain, hiss'd by the throng,
Who with his triumph swell'd their song,
Must seek his straw-built shed.

The axes that, with laurels crown'd,
Once struck a trembling terror round,
His stubborn billets rend;
His rods, which once the world control'd,
To mend his fire, and chase the cold,
Their last assistance lend.

## THE VANITY OF WEALTH.

No more thus brooding o'er yon heap,
With avarice painful vigils keep:
Still unenjoy'd the present store,
Still endless sighs are breathed for more.
O! quit the shadow, catch the prize,
Which not all India's treasure buys!

friendship's pleasures to l
No—all that's worth a wish—
Fair virtue gives unbrib'd, un
Cease then on trash thy hope
Let nobler views engage thy
With science tread the won
Or learn the muses' moral lay
In social hours indulge thy so
Where mirth and temperance
To virtuous love resign thy bre
And be by blessing beauty—bl
Thus taste the feast by natu
Ere youth and all its joys are f
Come taste with me the balm o
Secure from pomp, and wealth,
I boast whate'er for man was n
In health, and Stella, and conte
And scorn! Oh! let that scorn
Mere things of clay, that dig th

## THE NEGRO BOY.

*An African Prince being asked, what he had given for his watch? replied, "what I will never give again.——I give a fine Boy for it.*

When avarice enslaves the mind,
And selfish views alone bear sway;
Man turns a savage to his kind,
And blood and rapine mark his way:
Alas! for this poor simple toy,
I sold a blooming Negro Boy.

His father's hope, his mother's pride;
Tho' black, yet comely to their view;
I tore him helpless from their side,
And gave him to a ruffian crew:
To fiends that Afric's coast annoy,
I sold the blooming Negro Boy.

From country, friends, and parents torn,
His tender limbs in chains confin'd,
I saw him o'er the billows borne,
And mark'd his agony of mind:
But still to gain this simple toy,
I gave away the Negro Boy.

A beast that Christians buy and se
And in their cruel tasks employ,
The much enduring Negro Boy.

His wretched parents long shall mour
Shall long explore the distant main,
In hopes to see the youth return;
But all their hopes and sighs are va
They never shall the sight enjoy,
Of their lamented Negro Boy.

Beneath a tyrant's harsh command,
He wears away his youthful prime,
Far distant from his native land,
A stranger in a foreign clime:
No pleasing thoughts his mind em
A poor dejected Negro Boy.

## ON THE BRITISH CHANNEL.

Roll, roll thy white waves, and envelop'd in foam
Pour thy tides round the echoing shore;
Thou guard of *Old England*, my country, my *home!*
And my soul shall rejoice in the roar!

Though high-fronted valour may scowl at the foe,
And with eyes of defiance advance,
'Tis *thou* hast repell'd desolation and woe,
And the conquering legions of France.

'Tis good to exult in the strength of the land,
That the flow'r of her youth are in arms;
That her lightning is pointed, her jav'lin in hand,
And arous'd the rough spirit that warms:

But never may that day of horror be known,
When these hills and these vallies shall feel
The rush of the phalanx by phalanx o'erthrown,
And the bound of the thundering wheel!

The dread chance of battle, it's blood and it's roar,
Who can wish in his senses to prove;
To plant the foul fiend on Britannia's own shore
All sacred to peace and to love?

Hail—glory of Albion! ye fleets and ye hosts!
I breathe not the tones of dismay:
In valour unquestion'd, still cover your coasts,
But may Heav'n keep the slaughter away.

Thou gem of the ocean, that smil'st in thy pow'r,
May thy sons prove too strong to be slaves!
Yet let them not scorn in the dark-fated hour
To exult in their rampart of waves.

The nations have trembled—have cower'd in the dust,
E'en the Alps heard the conqueror's song,
When the Genius of Gaul, with unquenchable thirst,
Push'd her eagles resistless along.

And still they advance, and the nations must bleed,
Then sing, O my Country! for joy;
Thy girdle of Ocean, by Heaven was decreed
To protect what the sword would destroy.

Roll, roll thy white waves, and envelop'd in foam
Pour thy tides round the echoing shore;
Thou guard of *Old England!*—my country, my *home!*
And my soul shall rejoice in the roar!

## ON THE LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE.

Toll for the brave!
The brave! that are no more!
All sunk beneath the wave,
Fast by their native shore!

Eight hundred of the brave,
Whose courage well was tried,
Had made the vessel heel,
And laid her on her side.

A land breeze shook the shrouds,
And she was overset;
Down went the Royal George,
With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave!
Brave Kempenfelt is gone;
His last sea-fight is fought;
His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle;
No tempest gave the shock;
She sprang no fatal leak;
She ran upon no rock.

Weigh the vessel up,
Once dreaded by our foes!
And mingle with our cup,
The tear that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,
And she may float again,
Full-charg'd with England's thunder,
And plough the distant main.

But Kempenfelt is gone,
His victories are o'er;
And he and his eight hundred,
Shall plough the waves no more.

## THE GENEALOGY OF CHRIST,

*As it is represented on the East Window of Winchester College Chapel.*

At once to raise our rev'rence and delight,
To elevate the mind, and please the sight,
To pour in virtue at th' attentive eye,
And waft the soul on wings of ecstacy;
For this the painter's art with nature vies,
And bids the visionary saint arise:
Who views the sacred forms in thought aspires,
Catches pure zeal, and, as he gazes, fires;
Feels the same ardour to his breast convey'd;
Is what he sees, and emulates the shade.
Thy strokes, great artist, so sublime appear,
They check our pleasure with an awful fear;
While thro' the mortal line the God you trace,
Author himself and heir of Jesse's race,
In raptures we admire thy bold design,
And, as the subject, own the hand divine.
While thro' thy work the rising day shall stream,
So long shall last thine honour, praise, and name.
And may thy labours to the muse impart
Some emanation from her sister art,
To animate the verse, and bid it shine
In colours easy, bright, and strong as thine!

The form august and large, the mien divine,
Betray the founder of Messiah's line*.
Lo! from his loins the promis'd stem ascend,
And high to Heaven its sacred boughs extend
Each limb productive of some hero springs,
And blooms luxuriant with a race of kings.
Th' eternal plant wide spreads its arms aroun
And with the mighty branch the mystic to
crown'd.

And lo! the glories of th' illustrious line
At their first dawn with ripen'd splendours s
In David all express'd; the good, the great,
The king, the hero, and the man complete.
Serene he sits, and sweeps the golden lyre,
And blends the prophet's with the poet's fir
See! with what art he strikes the vocal stri
The God, his theme, inspiring what he sing
Hark—or our ears delude us—from his ton
Sweet flows, or seems to flow, some heavenly
arrest the fleeting so

On either side the monarch's offspring shine,
And some adorn, and some disgrace their line.
Here Ammon glories; proud incestuous lord!
This hand sustains the robe, and that the sword.
Frowning and fierce, with haughty strides he tow'rs,
And on his horrid brow defiance low'rs.
There Absalom the ravish'd sceptre sways,
And his stolen honour all his shame displays:
The base usurper youth! who joins in one
The rebel subject and th' ungrateful son.
Amid the royal race, see Nathan stand:
Fervent he seems to speak, and lift his hand;
His looks the emotion of his soul disclose,
And eloquence from ev'ry gesture flows.
Such, and so stern he came, ordain'd to bring
The ungrateful mandate to the guilty king:
When, at his dreadful voice, a sudden smart
Shot thro' the trembling monarch's conscious heart,
From his own lips condemn'd; severe decree!
Had his God prov'd so stern a judge as He,
But man with frailty is allied by birth;
Consummate purity ne'er dwelt on earth:
Thro' all the soul tho' virtue holds the rein,
Beats at the heart, and springs in ev'ry vein,
Yet ever from the clearest source have ran
Some gross alloy, some tincture of the man.
But who is he deep musing? in his mind,
He seems to weigh in reason's scale mankind;

[illegible] those blessi
And lo! bright glittering in his sacred ha
In miniature the glorious temple stands.
Effulgent frame! stupendous to behold!
Gold the strong valves, the roof of burnish
The wand'ring ark, in that bright dome en
Spreads the strong light, eternal, unconfi
Above the unutterable glory plays,
Presence divine! and the full-streaming
Pour thro' reluctant clouds intolerable bla
But stern oppression rends Reboam's re
See the gay prince, injurious, proud, and
Th' imperial sceptre totters in his hand,
And proud rebellion triumphs in the land.
Curs'd with corruption's ever-fruitful sprin
A beardless senate and a haughty king.
There Asa, good and great, the sceptre
Justice attends his [illegible]
With

No mean atonement does this lapse require;
But see the son, you must forgive the sire:
He*, the just prince—with ev'ry virtue blest
He reign'd, and goodness all the man possess'd;
Around his throne fair happiness and peace
Smooth'd ev'ry brow, and smil'd in ev'ry face.
As when along the burning waste he stray'd,
Where no pure streams in bubbling mazes play'd,
Where drought incumbent on the thirsty ground
Long since had breath'd her scorching blasts around.
The † prophet calls, th' obedient floods repair
To the parch'd fields, for Josaphat was there.
The new-spring waves, in many a gurgling vein,
Trickle luxurious through the sucking plain;
Fresh honours the reviving fields adorn,
And o'er the desert plenty pour her horn.
So, from the throne his influence he sheds,
And bids the virtues raise their languid heads:
Where'er he goes, attending truth prevails,
Oppression flies, and justice lifts her scales.
See, on his arm the royal eagle stand,
Great type of conquest and supreme command;
Th' exulting bird distinguish'd triumph brings,
And greets the monarch with expanded wings.
Fierce Moab's sons prevent th' impending blow,
Rush on themselves, and fall without the foe.
The pious hero vanquish'd Heaven by pray'r;
His faith an army, and his vows a war.

* Josaphat. † Elisha.

... sacred office durst in
Quick o'er thy limbs the scurfy ve
And hoary filth besprinkled all th
Transmissive worth adorns the p
The father's virtues with the fathe
Lo! there he stands: he who the
Of Ammon's sons, and drench'd his
And dost thou, Ahaz, Judah's scou
With thy base front the glories of th
See the vile king his iron sceptre b
His only praise attends the pious
He, in whose soul the virtues all co
The best good son from the worst wi
And lo! in Hezekiah's golden reign
Long exil'd piety returns again;
Again in genuine purity she shines,
And with her presence gilds the lo
shrines.
Ill-starr'd does proud Assyria's impi
Bid Heav'n to arms, and vaunt his d-

Thick wrapt in night, thro' the proud host he pass'd,
Dispensing death, and drove the furious blast;
Nor bade destruction give her revels o'er
Till the gorg'd sword was drunk with human gore.
But what avails thee, pious prince, in vain
Thy sceptre rescued, and th' Assyrian slain?
Even now the soul maintains her latest strife,
And death's chill grasp congeals the fount of life:
Yet see, kind Heaven renews thy brittle thread,
And rolls full fifteen summers o'er thy head;
Lo! the receding sun repeats his way,
And, like thy life, prolongs the falling day.
Tho' nature her inverted course forego,
The day forget to rest, the time to flow,
Yet shall Jehovah's servants stand secure,
His mercy fix'd, eternal shall endure;
On them her ever healing rays shall shine;
More mild and bright, and sure, O sun! than thine.
At length the long-expected prince behold,
The last good king; in ancient days foretold,
When Bethel's altar spoke his future fame,
Rent to its base, at good Josiah's name.
Blest, happy prince! o'er whose lamented urn,
In plaintive song, all Judah's daughters mourn;
For whom sad Sion's softest sorrow flows,
And Jeremiah pours his sweet melodious woes.
But now fallen Sion, once the fair and great,
Sits deep in dust, abandon'd desolate:
Bleeds her sad heart, and ever stream her eyes,
And anguish tears her with convulsive sighs.

The mournful captive spreads her hands in vain,
Her hands, that rankle with the servile chain;
Till he*, great chief, in Heaven's appointed time,
Leads back her children to their native clime.
Fair liberty revives with all her joys,
And bids her envied walls securely rise.
And thou, great hallow'd dome, in ruin spread,
Again shall lift sublime thy sacred head.
But, ah! with weeping eyes, the ancients view
A faint resemblance of the old in you.
No more th' effulgent glory of thy God
Speaks awful answers from the mystic cloud;
No more thine altars blaze with fire divine;
And Heaven has left thy solitary shrine,
Yet, in thy courts, hereafter shalt thou see,
Presence immediate of the Deity,
The light himself reveal'd, the God confess'd in thee.
And now at length the fated term of years
The world's desire have brought, and lo! the God appears
The heavenly babe the virgin mother bears,
And her fond looks confess'd the parents cares;
The pleasing burthen on her breast she lays,
Hangs o'er his charms, and with a smile surveys:
The infant smiles, to her fond bosom prest,
And wantons, sportive, on the mother's breast.
A radiant glory speaks him all divine,
And in the child the beams of godhead shine.

* Zorobabel.

But now, alas! far other views disclose
The blackest comprehensive scene of woes.
See where man's voluntary sacrifice
Bows his meek head, and God eternal dies!
Fixt to the cross his healing arms are bound,
While copious mercy streams from ev'ry wound.
Mark the blood-drops that life exhausting roll,
And the strong pang that rends the stubborn soul,
As all death's tortures, with severe delay,
Exult and riot in the noblest prey!
And canst thou, stupid man, those sorrows see,
Nor share the anguish which he bears for thee?
Thy sin, for which his sacred flesh is torn,
Points ev'ry nail, and sharpens ev'ry thorn.
Canst thou?—while nature smarts in ev'ry wound,
And each pang cleaves the sympathetic ground!
Lo! the black sun, his chariot backward driven,
Blots out the day, and perishes from Heaven!
Earth, trembling from her entrails, bears a part;
And the rent rock upbraids man's stubborn heart.
The yawning grave reveals his gloomy reign,
And the cold clay-clad dead start into life again.
And thou, O tomb, once more shalt wide display
Thy satiate jaws, and give up all thy prey.
Thou, groaning earth, shall heave, absorpt in flame,
As the last pangs convulse thy lab'ring frame;
When the same God unshrouded thou shalt see,
Wrapt in full blaze of pow'r and majesty,

and yielding rocks in fiery rive
The molten deluge round the gl
And all man's arts and labour b
Then shall the splendours of the
Sink undistinguish'd in the burnii
And oh! till earth and seas, and
Ne'er may that fair creation fade
May winds and storms those be
spare,
Still may they bloom, as permane
All the vain rage of wasting time r
And his tribunal see, whose cross
well.

Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey:
He shall direct thy wand'ring feet,
He shall prepare thy way.

No profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care:
To him commend thy cause, his ear
Attends the softest pray'r.

Give to the winds thy fears,
Hope, and be undismay'd;
*God* hears thy sighs and counts thy tears,
He will lift up thy head.

Thro' waves, and clouds, and storms,
He'll gently clear thy way;
Wait thou his time, so shall this night
Soon end in boundless day.

Father of all! in ev'ry age,
In ev'ry clime, ador'd,
By Saint, by Savage, and by S
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou Great First Cause, least un
Who all my sense confin'd
To know but this, that Thou art g
And that myself am blind:

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
To see the good from ill;
And, binding nature fast in fate,
Left free the human will.

What conscience dictates to be don
Or warns me not

Yet not to earth's contracted span
  Thy goodness let me bound,
Or think Thee Lord alone of man,
  When thousand worlds are round.

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
  Presume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land
  On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart
  Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, oh teach my heart
  To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride,
  Or impious discontent,
At aught thy wisdom has deny'd,
  Or aught the goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
  To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
  That mercy show to me.

Mean tho' I am, not wholly so,
  Since quicken'd by thy breath,
O lead me wheresoe'er I go,
  Thro' this day's life, or death.

and let thy will be do

To Thee, whose temple is
Whose altar, earth, sea,
One chorus let all Being r
All Nature's incense rise

## RURAL SIMPLIC

*An Ode.*

O thou, whom love and fancy lea
To wander near this woodland
If ever musick soothed thy quill
Or pity waked thy soul

In a garden live like me,
If thou lovest simplicity.

Flowers have sprung for many a year,
O'er the village maiden's grave,
That, one memorial-spring to save,
Bore it from a sister's bier;
And homeward walking, wept o'er me
The true tears of simplicity.

And soon, her cottage-window near,
With care my slender stem she placed,
And fondly thus her grief embraced,
And cherish'd sad remembrance dear;
For love sincere and friendship free,
Are children of simplicity.

When past was many a painful day,
Slow-pacing o'er the village-green
In white were all its maidens seen,
And love my guardian friend away.
Oh, death! what sacrifice to thee
The ruins of simplicity.

One generous swain her heart approved,
A youth, whose fond and faithful breast,
With many an artless sigh confest,
In nature's language that he loved:
But stranger, 'tis no tale for thee,
Unless thou lovest simplicity.

When for both the slow bell t
Beneath yon flowery turf t
The lovers of simplicity.

Yet one boon have I to crave,
Stranger, if thy pity bleed,
Wilt thou do one tender dee
And strew my pale flowers o'er
So lightly lie the turf on thee
Because thou lovest simplicity

## ON DENNIS HAMP

*The blind Bard of Magilligan, in*
*died at*

For Hampson no more shall thy soul-touching finger
Steal sweet o'er the strings, and wild melody pour;
No more near thy hut shall the villagers linger,
While strains from thy harp warble soft round the shore.

No more thy harp swells with enraptured emotion,
Thy wild gleams of fancy for ever are fled,
No longer thy minstrelsy charms the rude ocean,
That rolls near the green turf that pillows thy head.

Yet vigour and youth with bright visions had fired thee,
And rose-buds of health have blown deep on thy cheek;
The songs of the sweet bards of Erin inspired thee,
And urged thee to wander like laurels to seek.

Yes, oft has thou sung of our kings crown'd with glory,
Or sighing repeated the lover's fond lay,
And oft hast thou sung of the bards famed in story,
Whose wild notes of rapture have long past away.

Thy grave shall be screen'd from the blast and the billow,
Around it a fence shall posterity raise;
Erin's children shall wet with their tears thy cold pillow.
Her maids shall lament thee, and spread thy praise.

## ON GOD AND NATURE.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul;
That chang'd thro' all, and yet in all the same,
Great in the earth, as in th' ætherial frame,
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,
Lives thro' all life, extends thro' all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent,
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
As the rapt seraph that adores and burns;
To him, no high, no low, no great, no small;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

Cease then, nor *order* imperfection name:
Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
Know thy own point: this kind, this due degree
Of blindness, weakness, heav'n bestows on thee.
Submit—in this, or any other sphere,
Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear:
Safe in the hand of one disposing power,
*Or in the* natal, *or* the mortal hour.
*All Nature* is but art, unknown to thee;
*All chance*, direction, which thou canst not see;

All discord, harmony, not understood;
All partial evil, universal good;
And, spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear, whatever *is*, *is right*.

## ON HAPPINESS.

O Happiness! our being's end and aim!
Good, pleasure, ease, content! whate'er thy name:
That something, which still prompts th' eternal sigh;
For which be bear to live, nor fear to die:
Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies;
O'erlook'd, seen double, by the fool and wise.
Plant of celestial seed! if dropt below,
Say in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow?
Fair opening to some court's propitious shrine?
Or deep with diamonds in the flaming mine?
Twin'd with the wreaths *Parnassian* laurels yield?
Or reapt in iron harvests of the field?

Ask of the learn'd the way, the learn'd are blind:
This bids to serve, and that to shun mankind.
Some place the bliss in action, some in ease;
Those call it pleasure, and contentment these:—

And mourn our various portio
Equal is *common sense*, and co

*Order* is heaven's first law;
Some are, and must be, greate
More rich, more wise; but who
That such are *happier*, shocks al
Know, all the good that individ
Or God of nature meant to mer
Reason's whole pleasure, all th
Lie in three words, *Health*, *Peac*

## A HYMN,

*Composed in a morning walk ne*

The dewy blessings of this morning hour,
At thy command, the vapours softly shower.
How wide this arch is spread, that bending round
With genial influence broods o'er the teeming ground!

By thee, yon lofty mountain * rears its head:
By thee, this humble valley † sinks its bed
These riv'lets ‡ thine, which murmur through the mead;
To thee, great Source of Good, their winding channels lead.

Call'd forth by thee, these woods their leaves display,
T' enrich their verdure in the solar ray.
Thou cloath'st each hedge and bush, each herb and plant—
To these fair blooming hopes thy blessing grant!
Bless thou the rising corn, the grassy field;
And let thy bounty plenteous harvests yield!
On thy supplies both man and beast attend;
On th' opening year thou smil'st, thy goodness crowns its end.

What various flow'ry beauties spread the field,
Which through the healthy air their fragrance yield!

* The cloud. † Through which Dane-Inch runs.
‡ The branches of Dane-Inch.

The crowfoot, daisie, cowslip's golden hue,
The dandelion, violet's lovely blue.
How many more their modest graces hide
In the hedge-bottom, or the thicket's side!
The primrose, harebell, with the starwort fair,
And low ground-ivy's bloom perfume the air.
These, and each painted form that decks the land,
Blend their unrival'd tinctures and confess thy hand.

The feather'd tribes to thee their voices raise,
Rejoice in being, and resound thy praise.
With lab ring wing, the lark, scarce seen on high,
Incessant pours his mattins through the sky.
Perch'd on yon lofty poplar's topmost spray,
The shrill thrush welcomes the bright source of day.
Deep in the thicket hid, the blackbird shy,
His mellow whistle tunes, to aid the common joy.

The wood-lark, glory of the warbling throng,
Alternate sinks, and swells his varied song.
The gaudy goldfinch, linnet, white-throat fair,
With musical confusion load the air.
In deeper note the ring-dove 'midst the groves,
To his coy mate soft-cooing breathes his loves.
The list'ning swains, through ev'ry brow and dale,
Delighted hear, and shout the cuckoo's simple tale.

The flocks and herds, whom thou supply'st with food,
*Enjoying* thank thee, and pronounce it good.

The fleecy people crop the early dew;
The tender lambs their harmless sports pursue.
The heifer's low fills all the valleys round;
The mimic wood-nymph propagates the sound.
The sweet-breath'd cows the herbage greedy graze,
The frolic calf his clumsy gambols plays.
The saunt'ring cow-boy slowly creeps along,
Now his clear whistles tunes, and now his rustic song.

These are thy works, O God, and these thy care;
All these, in season due, thy various blessings share.

Blest Power! that me into existence drew,
And spread this fair creation to my view!
Blest Power! that gave me eyes, and ears, and mind,
And taught me, in each object, God to find!
Blest be that care that guards my ev'ry day;
That feeds, and clothes, and guides me through my way.
Accept my thanks for this enliv'ning hour;
This cheerful taste of bliss, that thrills through ev'ry power.

Grateful would I thy present blessings share,
And trust my whole of being to thy future care.

In hope a king doth go to w
In hope a lover lives full
In hope a merchant sails full
In hope just men do suffer
In hope the ploughman sows hi
Thus hope helps thousands at th
Then faint not, heart, among the
Whatever chance, hope thou the

## A MEDITATION FOR

You are a tulip, seen to-day,—
But, dearest, of so short a stay,
That where you grew scarce m

You are a dainty violet,—
Yet wither'd, ere you can be set
Within the virgin's coronet.

You are the queen all flowers among,—
But die you must, fair maid, ere long,
As he, the maker of this song.

## TO THE MOON.

Thou silent Moon, that look'st so pale,
So much exhausted, and so faint,
Wandering over hill and dale,
Watching oft the kneeling saint—
Hearing his groans float on the gale—
No wonder thou art tir'd and pale.

Yet I have often seen thee bring
Thy beams o'er yon bare mountain's steep;
Then, with a smile, their lustre fling
Full on the dark and roaring deep;
When the pilgrim's heart did fail,
And when near lost the tossing sail.

Sure, that passing blush deceives;
For thou, fair nymph, art chaste and cold!
Love our bosoms seldom leaves;
But thou art of a different mould.
Hail, chaste queen! for ever hail!
And, prithee, look not quite so pale.

Yet stay—perhaps thou'st travell'd far,
Exulting in thy conscious light;
Till, as I fear, some youthful Star
Hath spread his charms before thy sight;
And, when he found his arts prevail,
He left thee, sickening, faint, and pale.

## PSALM CXLVIII.

You who dwell above the skies,
Free from human miseries;
You whom highest heaven embowers,
Praise the Lord with all your powers!
Angels, your clear voices raise!
Him your heavenly armies praise!
Sun, and moon, with borrow'd light,
All you sparkling eyes of night,
Waters hanging in the air,
Heaven of heavens, his praise declare!

His deserved praise record,
His, who made you by his word—
Made you evermore to last,
Set you bounds not to be past.
Let the earth his praise resound;
Monstrous whales, and seas profound
Vapours, lightning, hail, and snow,
Storms, which, when he bids them, blow!
Flowery hills, and mountains high,
Cedars, neighbours to the sky,
Trees, that fruit in season yield,
All the cattle of the field,
Savage beasts, all creeping things,
All that cut the air with wings!
You who awful sceptres sway,
You, inured to obey,
Princes, judges of the earth,
All, of high and humble birth!
Youths, and virgins, flourishing
In the beauty of your spring;
You who bow with age's weight,
You who were but born of late;
Praise his name with one consent:
O how great! how excellent.

When the fierce north wind
Rears up the Baltic to a foa
And the red lightning with
Ru

How the poor sailors stand a
While the hoarse thunder, lil
Roars a loud onset to the gap
Qui

Such shall the noise be, and
(If things eternal may be like
Such the dire terror, when the
Shal

Tears the strong pillars of the
Breaks up old marble, the rep
See the graves open, and the

Thoughts, like old vultures, prey upon their heart-
strings,
And the smart twinges, when their eye heholds the
Lofty Judge frowning, and a flood of vengeance
Rolling afore him.

Hopeless immortals! how they scream and shiver,
While devils put them to the pit wide yawning,
Hideous and gloomy, to receive them headlong
Down to the centre.

Stop here my fancy: (all away ye horrid
Doleful ideas!) come arise to Jesus,
How he sits God-like: and the saints around him
Thron'd, yet adoring!

O may I sit there when he comes triumphant,
Dooming the nations! then ascend to glory,
While our Hosannas all along the passage
Shout the Redeemer.

## ON DEATH.

*Though fortune have set thee on high,*
*Remember yet that thou shalt die.*

To die, dame nature did man frame:
**Death is a thing most perfect sure:**
**We ought not nature's works to blame;**
She made no thing still to endure.
That law she made when we were born,
That hence we should return again:
To render right we must not scorn:
Death is due debt: it is no pain.

Death hath in all the earth a right;
His power is great, it stretcheth far:
No lord, no prince, can scape his might;
No creature can his duty bar.
The wise, the just, the strong, the high,
The chaste, the meek, the free of heart,
The rich, the poor—who can deny?—
Have yielded all unto his dart.

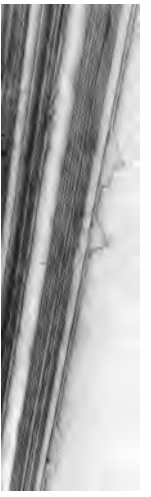
Seeing no man then can death escape,
Nor hire him hence for any gain,
We ought not fear his carrion shape;
*He only* brings ill men to pain.

If thou have led thy life aright,
  Death is the end of misery:
If thou in God hast thy delight,
  Thou diest to live eternally.

Each wight, therefore, while he lives here,
  Let him think on his dying day:
In midst of wealth, in midst of cheer,
  Let him account he must away.
This thought makes man to God a friend;
  This thought doth banish pride and sin;
This thought doth bring a man in th' end
  Where he of death the field shall win.

## VERSES FOUND IN SIR WALTER RALEIGH'S BIBLE.

E'en such is time; which takes in trust
  Our youth, our joys, and all we have!
And pays us nought but age and dust,
  Which, in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wander'd all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days.
And from which grave, and earth, and dust,
The Lord shall raise me up, I trust.



Go, soul, the b
Upon a thanl
Fear not to touc
The truth shal
Go, since I
And give the

Go tell the court it
And shines like
Go, tell the church
What's good, and
If church and co
Then give them

Tell potentates, they li
Acting by others acti
Not lov'd unless they gi
Not strong but

And if they once reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell them that brave it most,
They beg for more by spending,
Who in their greatest cost,
Seek nothing but commending.
And if they make reply,
So give them still the lie.

Tell zeal it lacks devotion,
Tell love it is but lust,
Tell time it is but motion,
Tell flesh it is but dust;
And wish them not reply,
For thou must give the lie.

Tell age it daily wasteth,
Tell honour how it alters,
Tell beauty how she blasteth,
Tell favour how she falters.
And as they shall reply
Give every one the lie.

Tell wit how much it wrangles
In tickle points of niceness:
Tell wisdom she entangles
Herself in over wiseness.
And when they do reply,
Straight give them both the lie.

Tell physic of her boldness,
Tell skill it is pretension,
Tell charity of coldness,
Tell law it is contention.
And as they do reply,
So give them all still the lie.

Tell fortune of her blindness,
Tell nature of decay,
Tell friendship of unkindness,
Tell justice of delay.
And if they will reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell hearts they have no soundness,
But vary by esteeming,
Tell schools they want profoundness,
And stand too much on seeming.
If arts and schools reply,
Give arts and schools the lie.

Tell faith it's fled the city,
Tell how the country erreth,
Tell, manhood shakes off pity,
Tell, virtue least preferreth.
And if they do reply,
Spare not to give the lie.

So when thou hast, as I
Commanded thee, done blabbing:

Although to give the lie
Deserves no less than stabbing;
Yet stab at thee who will,
No stab the soul can kill.

## MORNING HYMN.

These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty! Thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair; Thyself how wondrous then!
Unspeakable, who sit'st above these heavens
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these Thy lowest works; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.
Speak ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels; for ye behold Him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle His throne rejoicing; ye in heaven,
On earth join all ye creatures to extol
Him first, Him last, Him midst, and without end.
Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praise Him in thy sphere,
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
Thou sun, of this great world both eye and soul,

...eternal course, both w
And when high noon hast ga
fall'st.
Moon, that now meet'st the o
With the fix'd stars, fix'd in th
And ye five other wand'ring fi
In mystic dance not without sc
His praise, who out of darknes
Air, and ye elements, the elde
Of nature's womb, that in quat
Perpetual circle, multiform; an
And nourish all things; let your
Vary to our Great Maker still n
Ye mists and exhalations that n
From hill or steaming lake, dusk
Till the sun paint your fleecy ski
In honour to the world's Great A
Whether to deck with clouds th'
Or wet the thirsty earth with fall
Rising or falling, still advance Hi
His praise, ye winds, that ...

The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep,
Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
To hill, or valley, fountain, or fresh shade
Made vocal by my song, and taught His praise.
Hail, Universal Lord, be bounteous still
To give us only good; and if the night
Have gather'd ought of evil or conceal'd,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

## THE MAN OF ROSS.

But all our praises why should lords engross?
Rise, honest muse! and sing the Man of Ross:
Pleas'd Vaga echoes through her winding bounds,
And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds.
Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry brow?
From thy dry rock who bade the waters flow?
Nor to the skies in useless columns tost,
Or in proud falls magnificently lost,
But clear and artless pouring through the plain
Health to the sick, and solace to the swain.
Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows?
Whose seats the weary traveller repose?
Who feeds yon alms-house, neat, but void of state,
Where age and want sit smiling at the gate?

Behold the market-place
The Man of Ross divide
Him portion'd maids, ap
The young who labour, a
Is any sick? The Man of
Prescribes, attends, the m
Is there a variance? Ent
Balk'd are the courts, and
Despairing quacks with cu
And vile attornies now an
"Thrice happy man! enal
"What all so wish, but wa
"O say, what sums that ge
"What mines to swell that
Of debts and taxes, wife, or
This man possess'd—five hu
Blush, grandeur, blush; pro
your blaze:
Ye *little stars!* hide your din
"And what! No monument
"Y

## FROM THE SECOND CHAPTER OF THE WISDOM OF SOLOMON.

How is our reason to the future blind,
When vice enervates and enslaves the mind!
What sense suggests, how fondly we believe,
And with what subtility ourselves deceive!
  Frail is our state, (th' ungodly cry) how few
The days of life, and yet how tedious too!
Death is our certain doom, in vain we strive
To stay the blow, and idly wish to live;
When once we to the grave descend, in vain
Hope ever to return, and breathe again.
Chance gave us birth, chance form'd our brittle frame,
Now know we how, or why, or whence we came:
Smoke is our breath, a spark our vital part,
That warms, and moves, and animates the heart,
Which once extinguish'd, we no more are seen;
Then shall we be, as if we ne'er had been.
Our works shall all in dark oblivion lie,
And with ourselves our very names shall die;
Silent, forgot, to nothing we repair,
To dust our bodies, and our souls to air.
  We vanish like a cloud, that owes its birth
To exhalations from the glowing earth,

Drawn up, and painted by the solar rays,
A beauteous being it awhile displays;
But soon dissolv'd, its short-liv'd glory mourns,
And to its parent earth in tears returns:
View all the heavens around, nor can you find
The path it pass'd, or mark its trace behind.
Come, let us then the present hour employ;
Nor to the faithless future trust our joy;
Let us from care the wrinkled forehead smooth,
Let us in age revive the sweets of youth,
Pour out rich wines, the costly ointments bring,
With all the blooming flow'rs that grace the spring;
Let the fresh violet and the new-born rose
A smiling chaplet for our brows compose.
Entwine our temples, ere ye die, ye flow'rs;
Short is your date of life, and short is ours.
Let's print each hour with pleasure, ere it pass,
Leave monuments of joy in every place,
That may our revelings and us survive,
Shew we once were, and teach our sons to live.
Lose not the little portion fate allows,
That is man's lot—this all the heaven he knows.
Thus they, who from the ways of truth decline,
Pervert their reason to confirm their sin;
The mists of sensual lust so cloud their eye,
They can't the mysteries of *God* descry,
Or taste the pleasing hope, and heavenly rest,
The pious transports of the righteous breast;
They know not man for noble views design'd,
Nor feel the worth of their immortal mind;

On transitory things they fix their bliss,
And lose the better life to come for this.

---

*The grand distinction between the*

## VIRTUOUS AND THE WICKED

*Reserved for another State.*

Look round the world! with what a partial hand
The scale of bliss and mis'ry is sustain'd!
Beneath the shade of cold obscurity
Pale virtue lies; no arm supports her head,
No friendly voice speaks comfort to her soul,
Nor soft-ey'd pity drops a melting tear;
But in their stead, contempt and rude disdain
Insult the banish'd wand'rer. On she goes
Neglected and forlorn: disease, and cold,
And famine, worst of ills, her steps attend
Yet patient, and to Heaven's just will resign'd,
She ne'er is seen to weep, or heard to sigh.

Now turn your eyes to yon sweet-smelling bow'r,
Where, flush'd with all the insolence of wealth,
Sits pamper'd vice! for him th' Arabian gale
Breathes forth delicious odours; Gallia's hills

For him pour nectar from the purple vine;
Nor think for these he pays the tribute due
To Heaven: of heaven he never names the name,
Save when, with imprecations dark and dire,
He points his jest obscene. Yet buxom health
Sits on his rosy cheek; yet honour gilds
His high exploits, and downy-pinion'd sleep
Sheds a soft opiate o'er his peaceful couch.

Seest thou this, righteous Father! seest thou this,
And wilt thou ne'er repay? Shall good and ill
Be carry'd undistinguish'd to the land
Where all things are forgot? Ah! no; the day
Will come when virtue from the cloud shall burst
That long obscur'd her beams, when sin shall fly
Back to her native hell; there sink eclips'd
In penal darkness; where nor star shall rise,
Nor ever sunshine pierce th' impervious gloom.

## THE UNREASONABLENESS OF DENYING A FUTURE STATE.

Sceptic! whoe'er thou art, who say'st the soul,
That particle divine, which *God's* own breath
Inspir'd into the mortal mass, shall rest
Annihilate, till duration has unroll'd
Her never-ending line: tell, if thou know'st,
Why ev'ry nation, ev'ry clime, though all
In laws, in rites, in manners disagree,
With one consent expect another world,
Where wickedness shall weep? Why Painim bards
Fabled Elysian plains, Tartarean lakes,
Styx and Cocytus? Tell why Hali's sons
Have feign'd a paradise of mirth and love,
Banquets and blooming nymphs? Or rather, tell,
Why on the brink of Orellana's stream,
Where never science rear'd her sacred torch,
Th' untutor'd Indian dreams of happier worlds
Behind the cloud-topt hill? Why in each breast
Is plac'd a friendly monitor, that prompts,
Informs, directs, encourages, forbids?
Tell why on unknown evil grief attends;
Or joy on secret good? Why conscience acts
With tenfold force, when sickness, age, or pain,
Stands tottering on the precipice of death?

## TRUE RICHI

I am not concern'd to kno
What to-morrow fate will c
'Tis enough that I can say
I've possest myself to-day :
Then if haply midnight dea
Seize my flesh and stop my
Yet to-morrow I shall be
Heir to the best part of me.

Glitt'ring stones and gold
Wealth and honours that ha

And enjoy myself alone,
I'm a kingdom of my own.

I've a mighty part within
That the world hath never seen,
Rich as Eden's happy ground,
And with choicer plenty crown'd.
Here, on all the shining boughs,
Knowledge fair and useful grows;
On the same young flow'ry tree,
All the seasons you may see;
Notions in the bloom of light,
Just disclosing to the sight:
Here are thoughts of larger growth,
Rip'ning into solid truth:
Fruits refin'd of noble taste;
Seraphs feed on such repast.
Here, in green and shady grove,
Streams of pleasure mix with love;
There, beneath the smiling skies,
Hills of contemplation rise:
Now, upon some shining top,
Angels light, and call me up;
I rejoice to raise my feet,
Both rejoice when there we meet.

There are endless beauties more
Earth hath no resemblance for;
Nothing like them round the pole,
Nothing can describe the soul;

Broader 'tis and brighter far
Than the golden Indies are:
Ships that trace the wat'ry stage,
Cannot coast it in an age;
Harts or horses, strong and fleet,
Had they wings to help their feet,
Could not run it half way o'er
In ten thousand days and more.

Yet the silly wand'ring mind,
Loth to be too much confin'd
Roves and takes her daily tours,
Coasting round the narrow shores,
Narrow shores of flesh and sense,
Picking shells and pebbles thence;
Or she sits at fancy's door,
Calling shapes and shadows to her,
Foreign visits still receiving,
And t' herself a stranger living.

## LETTER TO MISS S.———

*From the Vicinity of Windermere.*

The mild shades of eve soothe the passions to rest,
And the breezes are hush'd upon Windermere's
breast;
The blackbird's sweet melody trills thro' the grove,
And cuckoo's response joins the warbling of love:
Tis nature's repose, or night's stillness refin'd,
Not a leaf, or a blossom, is wav'd by the wind;
Inspiring tranquility broods o'er the lake,
While friendship's delightful sensations awake.
To you, my dear girl, does this ev'ning belong:
Affection breathes forth the effusions of song.

The wild scenes of Keswick this morning I view'd,
Rocks, mountains, and torrents, majestic and rude;
Where glens, deep embosom'd, resound with the
roar
Of Barrow * responsive to dashing Lowdore;*
Where the eagle and osprey, scream loud as they
sail
O'er the summit of Skiddaw that frowns on the vale.
Stern Skiddaw gigantic! thy wonderful height
Has lessen'd the objects of tender delight;
How sunk are the charms of the village and wood!
The lake is no more a magnificient flood.

* Two cascades in the vicinity of Keswick.

... the effects of too high elevatio
Be ours a plain home, in a temperate
Where life's smiling comforts around t
Unshadow'd by pomp or the frowns o

Come join me, in fancy, where Winderi
On hills crown'd with verdure, and wc
isles;
Where Rydal's smooth lake in tranquil
Like the bosom of virtue reflecting the
Where Grassmere's gay slopes, gently
are seen
To tinge the clear wave with their beauti
Where Leathes-water catches the rills tl
welling,
Roll murmuring down the rough side of H
Till, hush'd on her bosom, they sink int
Like sorrow reclining on sympathy's bre
What soft tones of tenderness steal thro' t
As silent I list to the distant cascade !

Here tender melancholy dwells
And lifts to Heav'n her tearful eye;
Here pity haunts the mossy cells
And heaves the sympathetic sigh.
Come pour thy plaints in freedom here,
For here the world-worn heart foregoes
Its cares, and wooes ideal woes,
When wild imagination wakes the causeless tear.

Romantic Naiad! thou dost love
The silent, dark, impending grove,
Impervious to the noon-tide ray
The busy glare of flaunting day:
O, hide me, in some still retreat,
Some lowly hermitage, beside
Thy falling waters fullest tide,
Where echo's voice, in accents sweet,
The dashing of thy waves might borrow,
And teach thy murmurs softer sorrow,
As she the gentle plaint resounded,
By woods and waterfalls surrounded.
Within thy still sequester'd bow'r
Shall fancy breathe her magic pow'r,
And bring, in fairy-visions, near,
The forms to love and friendship dear.
Hence, noisy folly loud and rude!
Be wild ambition far away!
No busy thronging cares intrude,
But let the heart keep holiday;

O, gently pour thy mountain rill,
And gently draw thy gloom profou
Romantic Naiad! all around.

The tranqualiz'd winds are too lazy to sl
The big drops of rain as they fall on the
The lingering twilight still glows in the w
Tho slow sailing clouds the broad mountai
Night spreads o'er the waters her tinting
And silence, and shadow, envelope the s
But sudden the visions of glory unfold;
Yon tall rocky cliffs are resplendent with
The lightning has pierc'd through the c
profound,
And far dis.ant thunder re-echoes around.
What transport sublime!—Affectation ma
Expression is wanting.—Pause, muse, and

## AN ELEGY ON MAN.

Behold earth's lord, imperial man,
In ripen'd vigour gay;
His outward form attentive scan,
And all within survey.

Behold his plans of future life,
His care, his hope, his love,
Relations dear of child and wife,
The dome, the lawn, the grove.

Now see within his active mind
More generous passions share,
Friend, neighbour, country, all his kind,
By turns engage his care.

Behold him range with curious eye
O'er earth from pole to pole,
And through the' illimitable sky
Explore with daring soul.

Yet pass some twenty fleeting years,
And all his glory flies;
His languid eye is bath'd in tears,
He sickens, groans, and dies.

Amid the mouldering clay?

Ah, gloomy thought! ah, worse than
Life sickens at the sound;
Better it were not draw our breath,
Than run this empty round.

Hence, cheating fancy, then away,
O let us better try,
By reason's more enlighten'd ray,
What 'tis indeed to die.

Observe yon mass of putrid earth,
It holds an embryo-brood;
Ev'n now the reptiles crawl to birth,
And seek their leafy food.

Yet stay till some few suns are past,
Each forms a silken tomb,
And seems, like man immi[illegible]

And what forbids that man should share
Some more auspicious day,
To range at large in open air,
As light and free as they?

There was a time when life first warm'd
Our flesh in shades of night,
Then was the imperfect substance form'd,
And sent to view this light.

There was a time when every sense
In straiter limits dwelt,
Yet each its task could then dispense,
We saw, we heard, we felt.

And times there are, when through the veins
The blood forgets to flow,
Yet then a living power remains,
Though not in active show.

Times too there be, when friendly sleep's
Soft charms the senses bind,
Yet fancy then her vigils keeps,
And ranges unconfin'd.

And reason holds her separate sway,
Though all the senses wake,
And forms in memory's storehouse play
Of no material make.

...ne modes of shape, or sound?

And blows may maim, or time impair
These instruments of clay,
And death may ravish what they spare
Completing their decay.

But are these then that living pow'r
That thinks, compares, and rules?
They say a scaffold is a tow'r,
A workman is his tools.

For aught appears that death can do,
That still survives his stroke,
Its workings plac'd beyond our view,
Its present commerce broke.

But what connections it may find,
Boots much to hope and fear*;
And if instruction ...

## WINTER SONG.

Ask me no more, my truth to prove,
What I would suffer for my love:
With thee I would in exile go,
To regions of eternal snow:
O'er floods by solid ice confined;
Thro' forests bare with northern wind:
While all around my eyes I cast,
Where all is wild, and all is waste.
If there the timorous stag you chace,
Or rouze to fight a fiercer race,
Undaunted I thy arms would bear;
And give thy hand the hunter's spear.
When the low sun withdraws his light,
And menaces an half year's night,
The conscious moon, and stars above,
Shall guide me with my wandering love.
Beneath the mountain's hollow brow,
Or in its rocky cells below,
Thy rural feast I would provide;
Nor envy palaces their pride;
The softest moss should dress thy bed,
With savage spoils about thee spread:
While faithful love the watch should keep,
To banish danger from thy sleep.

But see! what sudden glories from th
To my benighted soul appear,
And all the gloomy prospect cheer,
What awful form approaches nigh,
Awful, yet mild, as is the southern wi
That gentle bids the forest nod:
Hark! thunder breaks the air, and ar
Behold the *Saviour* of the world!
lamb of God!
Ye sons of men behold his aspect
The tear of pity on his cheek,
See in his train appear
Humility and patience sweet,
Repentance prostrate at his sacred
Bedews with tears and wipes them wit
ing hair.
No more repine my coward soul,
The sorrows of mankind to share,
Which he [illegible]

## REFLECTIONS BY A FATHER.

Tho' sweet the breath of vernal hours,
  When garlands hang on ev'ry thorn;
When ev'ry path is strew'd with flow'rs
  And opening rose-buds greet the morn.
Who knows what blasts may yet arise,
  However sweet—however gay;
  The blossom may our hopes betray,
It is th' autumnal fruit we prize!

Alas! the same precarious fate
  Attends on childhood's pleasing show;
The parent views with hopes elate
  His favorites round the table grow:
Who lost to worth in riper years,
  To duty lost—may yet conspire,
  To wring thy heart, unhappy sire.
And drench thy furrow'd cheek in tears!

While the poor child of homelier mien,
  Who in the corner sits forlorn,
Sobs hourly at parental spleen,
  And eats the bitter bread of scorn:
Untainted by the pamper'd crew,
  And faithful to affection's call;
  Perhaps in his fraternal hall;
Shall trim the lamp of joy anew!

*Supposed to be written by Alexander Selk*
*his solitary abode in the island of Juan F*

I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to disput
From the centre all round to the se
I am lord of the fowl and the bru
Oh solitude! where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face
Better dwell in the midst of alarms
Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach,
I must finish my journey alone,
Never hear the sweet music of spee
I start at the sound of my own.
The beasts that roam over the plain,
My form with indifference see

My sorrows I then might assuage
In the ways of religion and truth,
Might learn from the wisdom of age,
And be cheer'd by the sallies of youth.

Religion! what treasure untold
Resides in that heav'nly word!
More precious than silver and gold,
Or all that this earth can afford.
But the sound of the church going bell
These vallies and rocks never heard,
Ne'er sigh'd at the sound of a knell,
Or smil'd when a sabbath appear'd.

Ye winds that have made me your sport,
Convey to this desolate shore,
Some cordial endearing report
Of a land I shall visit no more.
My friends, do they now and then send
A wish or a thought after me?
O tell me I yet have a friend,
Though a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is a glance of the mind!
Compar'd with the speed of its flight,
The tempest itself lags behind,
And the swift winged arrows of light.
When I think of my own native land,
In a moment I seem to be there;
But alas! recollection at hand
Soon hurries me back to despair.

And I to my cabin repair.
There is mercy in ev'ry place,
And mercy, encouraging thoug
Gives ev'n affliction a grace,
And reconciles man to his lot.

FINIS.